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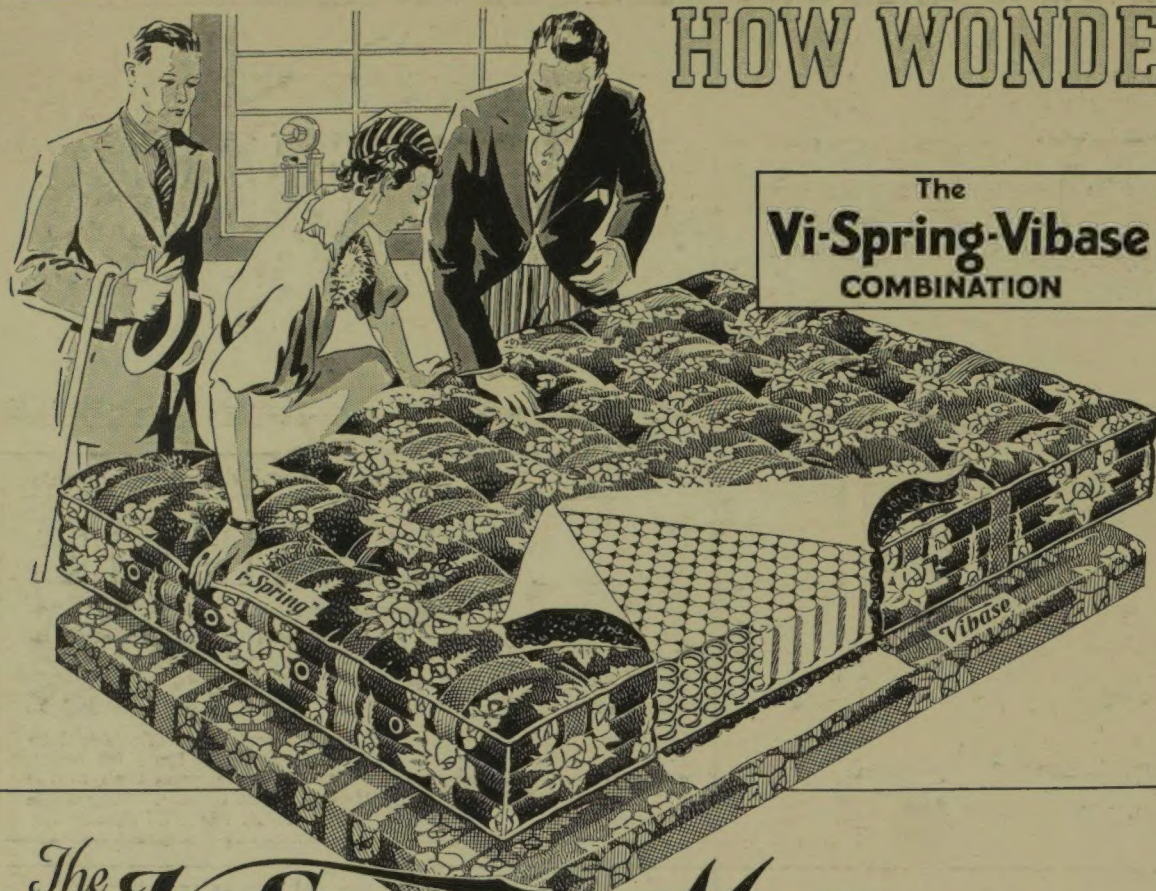
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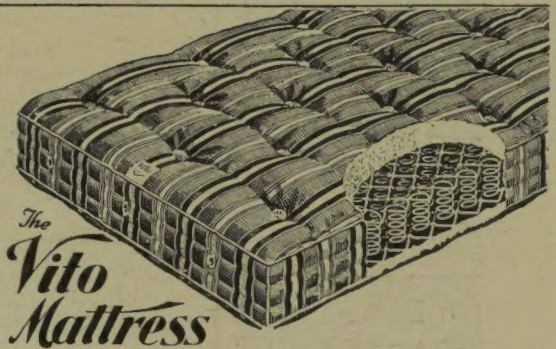
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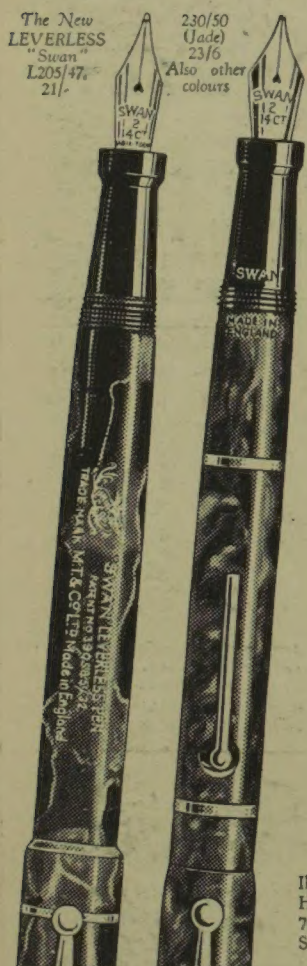
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1934.



PRINCE GEORGE'S ENGAGEMENT TO PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE: A CHARMINGLY INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THEM IN THE GARDEN AT THE SUMMER HOME OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA.

This photograph (like several given on page 351), was taken while Prince George and Princess Marina (standing beside him) were guests of her brother-in-law and sister, Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, at whose villa beside Lake Bohinj they became engaged. It was stated recently that the date of the

marriage had not been fixed, but that it would almost certainly take place in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony, it was added, would follow mainly that observed at the Duke of York's wedding, with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York taking part. Rumour has it that Prince George may be made a Duke.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE have come to assume a connection between Life and Letters; more general than that associated with the Life and Letters of His Excellency Sir Ponsonby Potter-Potter, K.C.B., C.S.I., O.B.E., etc., that almost too thrilling and enthralling work which we all take to bed with us at night. In the more general sense, we assume that Literature is some sort of mirror of Life; if only in order to relish the famous and once fashionable paradox that Life is only the mirror of Literature. But without denying that the general idea is true, we may add that there is another side; which is, in a sense, the opposite side. It would pain me to generalise about the gentlemen of my own profession by saying that they are vultures, which has never been counted a complimentary comparison. But there is a sense in which they and I do not feed on the living world, but rather on what is dead and especially what is dying. I mean that the importance of a thing in literature is sometimes rather a sign that it is losing its importance in life. A gap has appeared in the old patchwork of experience, and the void is filled up with a sort of vision; a vision that is called Art. Thus we hear much of the new, intense, and intimate nature-study of the nineteenth-century poets, practically beginning with Wordsworth. We do not hear so often of the parallel fact; that the nineteenth century did not only begin with Wordsworth, but also began with all the new industrial machinery and town expansion which was destined to blot out poor Wordsworth's landscape with smoke and cinders. Of course it is easy to exaggerate the novelty of his nature-study, even when it verged upon nature-worship. Many much older poets summed up a natural scene more brilliantly; nor is it a damning defect in them if they did it more briefly. Night's candles had burnt out in five immortal words, written, perhaps, in much less than as many minutes; nor did Shakespeare have to burn very much of the midnight oil to record their burning. The single Greek word, that has in it about six of the real noises of the many-voiced sea, does not take long to say, and need not have taken long to write. At least, not so long to write as the *Excursion*, which some have taken even longer to read.

These flashes in the older poets, although they are brief or because they are brief, are sufficient evidences that they were normally enjoying the normal beauty of the earth. But the contrast does remain; that this enjoyment became intensified and elaborated in the literary field just when it was beginning to be neglected or threatened in the practical field; and the original countryside swelled in importance as it shrank in size. In the old days, when half the world was a wilderness, there were plenty of individual glimpses of the greatness of such wildness. But men in general did not wish to dwell in the wilderness, and did not wish to dwell on the wildness. When Edward the First rode to Conway or Carnarvon, he was thinking more of the castles he would build than of the mountains he would climb; and a Highlander who rallied to the Stuart standard probably thought more of Bonnie Prince Charlie than of the Bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. But then there was no limit to such landscapes and no likelihood of a loss of such landscapes. He could afford to draw indefinitely upon the desert, or to waste the waste. He might value it, but he did not hoard it. But since the black industrial town first began to devour the green earth, artists have clung to their scraps of

space and colour, not only with affection but almost with avarice. They have guarded grass like emeralds or banked up brown earth like gold.

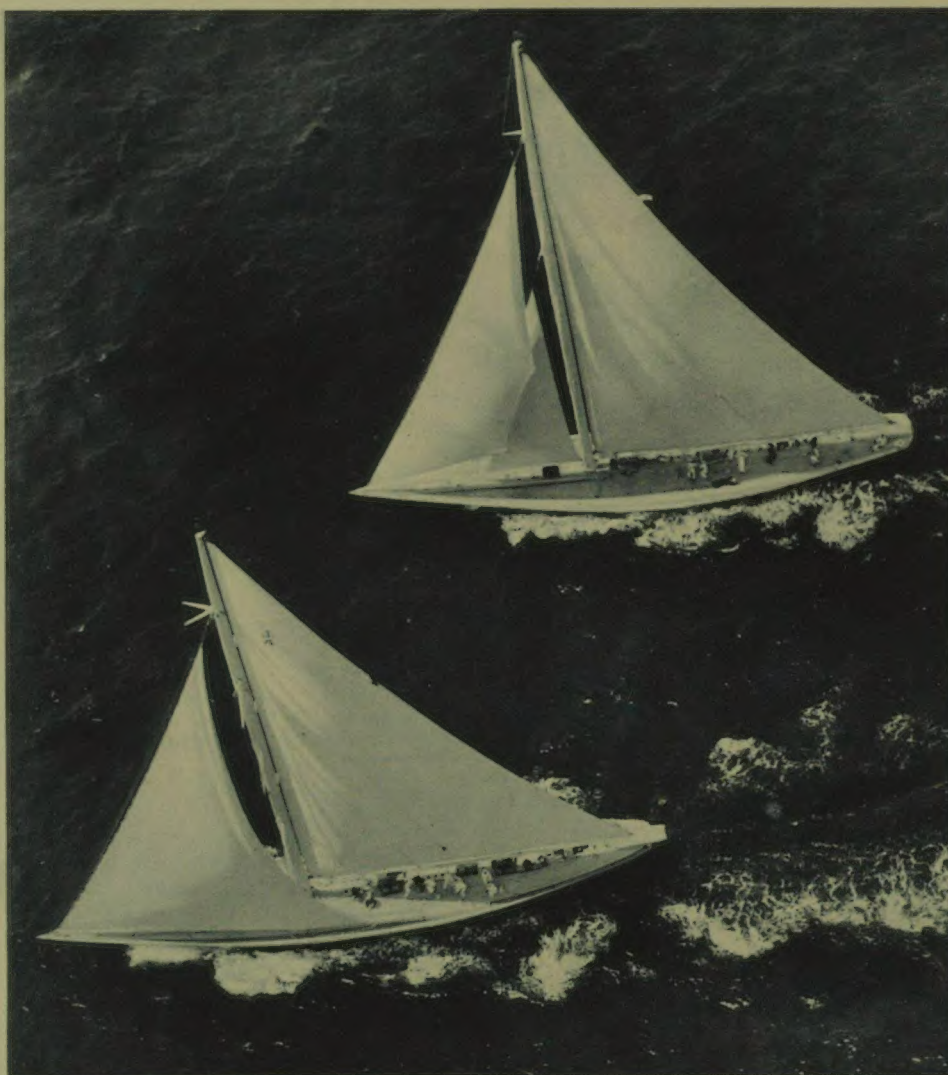
This is a very familiar and even banal example; but there is another which is perhaps more new in the sense of more neglected. There is a whole romantic region of human life, which seems to me quite as important as what is called the love of nature, that is so much neglected in popular philosophy that it is hard to find so plain a popular word for it. If I call it Childhood, everybody will suppose that I am going to be sentimental; or, what is

to see "Peter Pan"; everybody had heard of "Treasure Island"; everybody quotes the excellent rhymes of Mr. A. A. Milne and the stories about Piglet and Pooh. But it is also to be noted that there are two negative conditions attaching to this well-deserved popularity. One is that all this nonsense of the nursery was thus popularised in books at the very moment when it was being swept out of nurseries. The writers for children had discovered it at the very moment when the children were being deprived of it, and all their domestic and individual imaginations rolled flat by the steam-roller of organised games and precocious *esprit de corps*. There was actually a war being waged against Childhood, in all our schools and educational systems, at the very time when there was a romantic parade of Childhood in all our stories and books of verse. The new educationists, not content with making babies accept the discipline of the Eton Playing Fields, even insisted on their accepting the discipline of the Whips and Lobbies of Westminster. Some schoolmasters actually imagined themselves to be enlightened because they not only forced infants into all sorts of silly systematic games, but actually forced them into the silliest game of all; which is comically called Self-Government. All this is obviously a movement to abolish Childhood. Yet it progressed side by side with the popular literature which specially praised Childhood.

And the other limitation to be noted is this; that even that literature, excellent as it often was, was of the nature of a national legend superseding the domestic legend. The old nursery fancy branched until it was as big as a mythology. But there was a separate mythology for every separate nursery. The mythology of the little Smiths at No. 6 was different from the mythology of the little Browns at No. 7, and different again from that of the little Robinsons at No. 8. To some extent the very popularity of the childish literature flooded and drowned the childish originality. Peter Pan, whom Barrie had invented, sometimes superseded Ponky Pop, whom Billy had invented. Doubtless it was the survival of the fittest, in the rather unusual sense of the finest; but I am rather sorry that Ponky Pop did not survive.

It is more blessed to give than to receive; which an artist will always tend to translate as meaning

that it is better to create even than to criticise. The curse that withers the world, in our particular period and state of culture, is that ordinary people do not give what they used to give or create what they once created. They do nothing but receive; at the best they are critics, and at the worst very uncritical. The Wireless and the Cinema, the newspaper and the newsreel, a score of such enormous modern machines of publicity, pour down their throats, or into their ears and minds, a flood of suggestion in which they have no co-operation, which they do not criticise, and to which they cannot reply. The old output of popular opinion, which came from the talk in the tavern, and began even with the tales in the nursery, has been reversed and silenced; and Governments are ready to give anything and everything, if they can only be reassured with the soothing certainty that the people will give nothing. But I believe that Men, whether or no they were meant to be Masters, were at least all meant to be Makers; or something more like it than that.



THE YACHT CHOSEN TO DEFEND THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: MR. HAROLD VANDERBILT'S "RAINBOW" (RIGHT), RACING AGAINST "WEETAMOE" IN PRELIMINARY TRIALS.

Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's "Rainbow" was chosen by the New York Yacht Club on August 31 to defend the "America's" Cup against Mr. Sopwith's challenge in the races beginning on September 15. In her final trial against "Yankee," "Rainbow" won by one second over a thirty-mile course. "Rainbow" was built this year at a cost of £80,000. Mr. Vanderbilt, who owns and steers her, is a most accomplished helmsman who sailed "Enterprise" with complete success against Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock" in 1930. The general opinion is that he will find a much worthier opponent in "Endeavour."

far, far worse, educational. If I say it is Telling Stories, it will be thought that I am not only returning to the nursery, but to the moral language of the nursery. If I call it Popplepunglechump, it is possible that the word may fail to explain itself. But I mean all that vast unrecorded output of more or less infantile imagination which used to fill the lives of almost every family and especially of every large family. This great game of the family consisted very largely of inventing other families; imaginary families with peculiar names but most pertinacious vitality and will to live. But there were many other variants of the same form of fancy; imaginary voyages; imaginary countries; desert islands and very comfortably appointed rafts.

Now, there is a paradox to be noted here, almost exactly like the paradox of the poetry of nature, in the earlier nineteenth century. First, it is to be noted that in one sense this poetry of childhood had a very wide popularity and public expression at the end of the nineteenth century. Everybody went

THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW CHIEF: A FEMININE "GENERAL BOOTH."



THE NEW GENERAL-ELECT OF THE SALVATION ARMY: COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH, FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE FOUNDER AND FIRST GENERAL, WILLIAM BOOTH.

Commander Evangeline (Eva) Booth, recently elected head of the Salvation Army (see page 348) to succeed General Higgins on his retirement next November, is the fourth daughter of the late General William Booth, the founder, and sister of Bramwell Booth, who succeeded him. She was a candidate also in 1929, when the High Council deposed Bramwell Booth and elected Commissioner Higgins. She is now sixty-eight (the retiring age is seventy-three) but she bears her years lightly; tall and erect, she still takes vigorous riding and walking exercise, and is a strong swimmer. Since 1904 she has been Commander-in-Chief of the "Army" in the United States, where she first became Territorial Commissioner in 1896,

replacing her brother, Mr. Ballington Booth, who disputed his father's authority and started another society. As a young girl she was her father's ablest lieutenant, in days of bitter hostility to the movement, and at twenty-three controlled the work in London, besides the International Training College. Later she became Territorial Commander for Canada and Newfoundland. She has many American and Continental University degrees, and President Wilson awarded her the D.S.M. in recognition of the "Army's" war-time service. In 1929 she led a campaign in Japan, and in 1931 in Europe. After her election she said she would return to America to bid farewell, and be back in England by November 10.

THE NATIONAL GLIDING AND SOARING MEETING: THE NEW BRITISH CENTRE FOR MOTORLESS FLIGHT AT SUTTON BANK.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS, OUR

SPECIAL ARTIST AT SUTTON BANK.



HAIL, RAIN, AND THUNDERSTORMS—DISTURBANCES UTILISED BY THE PILOT OF A MOTORLESS MACHINE: VISIBLE INDICATIONS OF ATMOSPHERIC UPHEAVALS OF LARGE INTENSITY WHICH THE SKILLED SAILPLANE PILOT USES TO GAIN ALTITUDE.



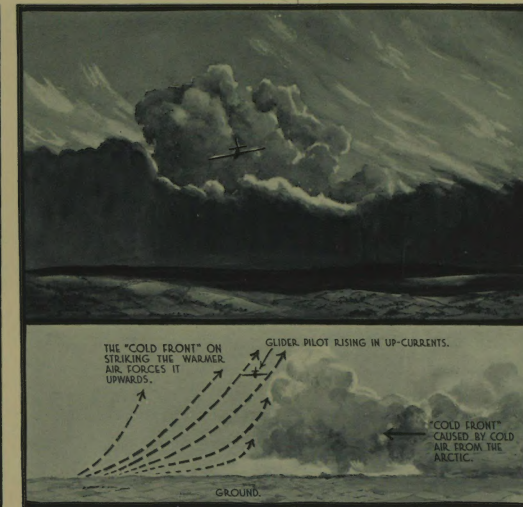
USING A MOVING CLOUD-BANK: A SAILPLANE PILOT, BY KEEPING TO THE EDGE OF THIS MOVING MASS OF CLOUD AND WATCHING ITS SHADOW, GAINING AND MAINTAINING HEIGHT IN THE THERMAL UP-CURRENTS RISING FROM THE SUN-HEATED GROUND.



UP-CURRENTS CAUSED BY THE WIND STRIKING THE SIDE OF A HILL: USUALLY THE PILOT'S FIRST MEANS OF GETTING AWAY



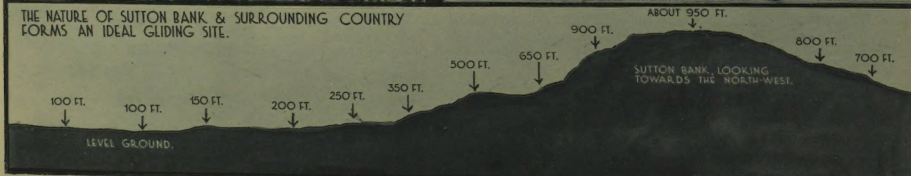
A SAILPLANE PILOT ASCENDING IN THERMAL UP-CURRENTS, WHICH, AT CONDENSING HEIGHT, WILL FORM CLOUDS: CURRENTS FORMED THROUGH THE SUN WARMING THE GROUND, FROM WHICH AIR RISES LIKE THE BUBBLES IN SODA-WATER, GIVING THE SAILPLANE LIFT.



THE APPROACH OF A "COLD FRONT": A PHENOMENON THAT MAY BE CAUSED BY A BELT OF COLD AIR STRIKING A WARMER ATMOSPHERE AND THROWING IT UPWARDS—THE SAILPLANE PILOT CONTINUALLY MANOEUVRING AHEAD OF THE "COLD FRONT" AND GAINING HEIGHT BY MAKING USE OF THE WARM AIR FLYING UP.



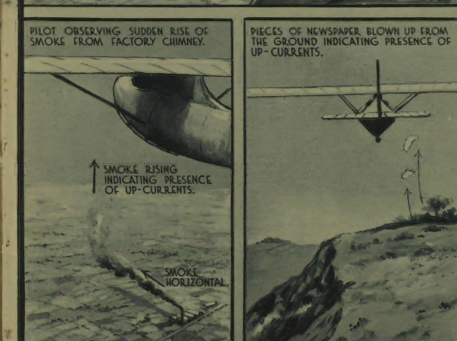
THE NATURE OF SUTTON BANK & SURROUNDING COUNTRY FORMS AN IDEAL GLIDING SITE.



WHY SUTTON BANK IS ADMIRABLY SUITED FOR MOTORLESS FLIGHT; AND HOW THE SAILPLANE PILOT FINDS

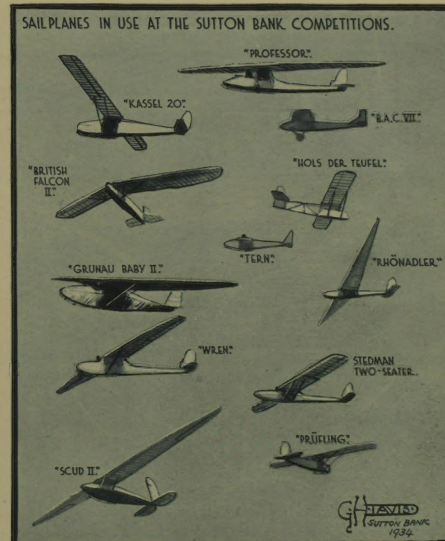
The national gliding and soaring meeting opened on September 1 and was to continue until to-morrow, September 9. It is the great week of the year for British gliding. At Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, pilots are competing for various trophies—the Wakefield Cup for distance, the De Havilland Cup for height, the Volk Cup for duration, and the Manby Cup for the longest flight out and home. It has been noticeable that a great advance in the science of motorless flight has been made in this country since the last meeting in October 1933, and, with the aid of

the Government subsidy of £5000, it is anticipated that during the next year there will be an even more marked advance. Sutton Bank, the venue of the present competition, dominates the surrounding landscape. On the top have been constructed wooden hangars to house the sailplanes, with workshops and a club-house, and there is an excellent leather-covered launching and landing ground. The hill is admirably suited for sailplaning. It is nearly 1000 ft. above sea-level, with a steep face. It drops away on one side to 200 ft., whence the flat open country stretches for miles



INDICATIONS OF UP-CURRENTS OF AIR BY WHICH HE GAINS ALTITUDE: THE

at a height of roughly 100 to 150 ft. above sea-level. In our issue of July 14 last we illustrated the method of launching sailplanes and the training required for pilots to get their certificates. We showed, too, how the pilot uses the "variometer" to learn whether he is rising or falling. Here we illustrate some of the atmospheric signs through which the sailplane pilot may find those upheavals that will carry him to higher levels. He must know what the build-up of the clouds portends and must watch for the cumulus that will give him lift. The upper row of drawings



BRITISH SOARING AND GLIDING CENTRE.

shows the indications he must seek. He may have the luck to find a "cloud street"—a long line of clouds containing rising currents which may carry him for miles. But in dry, cloudless weather the sailplane pilot must become a positive Sherlock Holmes in observing indications of rising currents of air. He may learn from the flight of a buzzard; he may see a butterfly at a great height and deduce air currents from that; he watches smoke on the ground or scraps of paper blown upwards—all such signs as may tell him of up-currents to keep his motorless aircraft aloft.



THE BATTLE-CRUISER "BAVENS" LIFTED FROM THE OCEAN-BED AT SCAFA FLOW BY HUGE AIR LOCKS: 25,000 TONS RAISED 20 FATHOMS IN 30 SECONDS.
The greatest feat in salvage history was accomplished on September 1 at Scafa Flow, when the bottled battle-cruiser "Bavens" of 28,000 tons displacement and listed in the German "Drachdought" class, was at last, after nine months of arduous preparation, raised to the surface by Metal Industries, Ltd., Glasgow and Kilmory. The "Bavens" was lying upside down in twenty fathoms, and air locks of unprecedented length had to be used. The actual raising took only thirty seconds.



THE TOURIST TROPHY MOTOR-CAR RACE; WHICH GAVE RISE TO HIGH SPEEDS AND SPECTACULAR DRIVING: THE CROWD WATCHING AT QUARRY CORNER.
The R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race, run over the Ache circuit, near Belfast, on September 1, was won by C. J. P. Dodson, the racing motor-cyclist, who drove Captain G. E. T. Eyston's M.G. "Magnetite" at an average speed of 74.55 miles per hour. He had a fierce struggle to maintain his handicap start, and won by only 17 seconds in 478 miles. E. R. Hall in a Bentley being second with an average of 78.4 miles an hour. T. Petheringham was third in an Aston-Martin and the Hon. Brian Lewis fourth in a Lagonda.



CAPTAIN COOK'S COTTAGE FINALLY RE-ERECTED IN AUSTRALIA AFTER BEING BROUGHT FROM YORKSHIRE: THE MEMORIAL COMPLETE AT MELBOURNE.
The cottage at Great Ayton, near Middleburgh, in which Captain Cook spent his boyhood, has been transported brick by brick to Melbourne and there re-erected in Primrose Gardens in time for the coming centenary celebrations of Victoria and its capital city. As already mentioned in these pages, a replica of the Cook monument at Cape Edward, Victoria, is being shipped to England in exchange, to be erected where the cottage used to stand.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: ITEMS IN THIS COUNTRY AND



A MEMORY OF THE DAYS OF THE GOLD RUSH: SALVING THE "ISLANDER," WHICH SANK WITH A CARGO OF GOLD OFF ALASKA IN 1901.
Ten million dollars' worth of gold nuggets was lost when the "Islander" sank off Juneau, Alaska, in 1901, and seventy of the passengers lost their lives. Our photograph shows the efforts that are being made to recover the gold. The old hull is seen swung between two lifting ships, while the salvage crew are at work on board looking for the nuggets and the safe. Juneau is on an inlet on the way to Klondike, whence the gold which sank with the "Islander" had come.



A STATUE TO APPEASE THE LOCAL GOD FOR LIBERTIES TAKEN WITH HIS RIVER: A SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE METTUR DAM.
At the inauguration of the Cauvery-Mettur irrigation dam by Sir George Stanley, Governor of Madras, on August 21, was seen this figure of the village god, set up to appease him for the liberties taken with the Cauvery River. It is to be hoped that the god was sufficiently soothed, for the Mettur Dam is one of the greatest engineering works ever undertaken, and will transform an entire countryside. It cost £5,500,000.



A MONUMENT TO BULGARIAN LIBERTY: THE 132-FT. MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY KING BORIS IN THE SHEPA PASS, WHERE THE TURKS WERE BEATEN BACK.
On August 25 King Boris of Bulgaria unveiled an imposing monument to commemorate the victorious battle fought by Russian soldiers and Bulgarian patriots against the Turks in the war of 1877. The King was enthusiastically welcomed by 60,000 of his subjects, and celebrations continued for two days. The war which is thus commemorated ended in the Treaty of San Stefano, 1878, which created of Bulgaria an autonomous principality.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MING PORCELAIN BOWL.
This bowl belongs to a class of porcelain of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.) from the imperial factory at Ching-te-chin, decorated in overglaze enamels and underglaze blue, known as a 'Wan Li' or five colors, though in this case only four are used—red, yellow, blue, and green. The porcelain is of a beautiful heavy white, and the shape elegant. The bowl bears the mark of the Wan Li period (1573-1619).

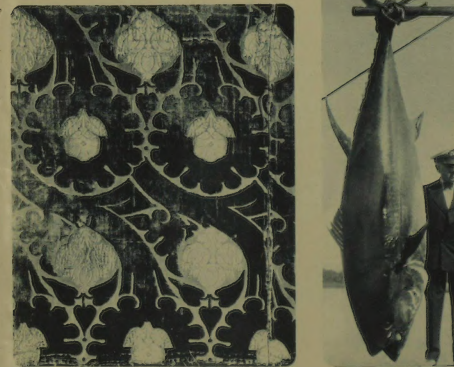
OF INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE MANY OTHER LANDS.



A SIMULTANEOUS PARACHUTE DESCENT BY TWENTY-FIVE MEN FROM ONE AEROPLANE: AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT RECENTLY ACHIEVED WITH SUCCESS NEAR MOSCOW.
This extraordinary photograph shows twenty-five men leaping together from an aeroplane. The mass descent, our correspondent informs us, was made the other day from the giant Soviet aeroplane "T.B.3" flying over the Tushino aerodrome near Moscow. The parachutists dived simultaneously, and floated together to the earth. There is no reason to think that even then the machine was emptied, since some of the great Russian 'glases' can hold about fifty without overcrowding.



GEORGE ARLISS AS "THE IRON DUKE": THE FAMOUS FILM ACTOR'S FIRST BRITISH FILM NOW IN COURSE OF PREPARATION AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH.
Mr. George Arliss began his first British film, "The Iron Duke," in which he is cast in the name-part, at Shepherd's Bush on September 3. Our photograph shows him dressed for the part when the first scene was taken—the ball in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. It was hoped to complete the photographing within four weeks, and for that purpose the resources of the Shepherd's Bush studios are being concentrated on the production of the film.



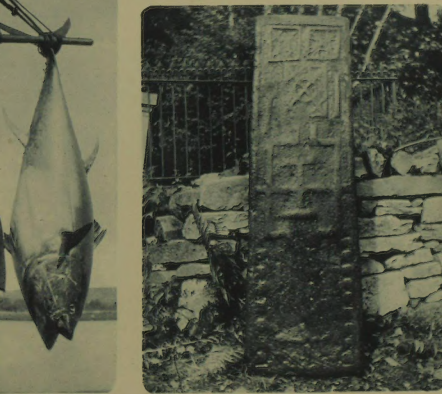
THE WORLD'S RECORD TUNNY (LEFT) CAUGHT ON ROD AND LINE: MR. THOMAS HOWELL AND HIS CATCH.
Mr. Thomas Howell, a Chicago financier, fishes for tunny with rod and line in Nova Scotia waters. Recently he caught the fish on the right, weighing 630 lb.; and soon afterwards, the pattern of this example, one of the finest pieces of velvet in the Museum, in green pile on a crimson satin ground.



A NEW TAILLESS MILITARY AEROPLANE WITH AN ALMOST UNRESTRICTED FIELD OF FIRE: THE "PTERODACTYL" MARK V, BEING DEMONSTRATED AT YEOVIL.
The Westland-Hill "Pterodactyl V," built to the order of the Air Ministry, was demonstrated at the Westland Aircraft Works, Yeovil, on August 30. It is a two-seater fighter, with a tractor screw driven by a Rolls-Royce Goshawk engine of 600 h.p. In no other aeroplane has the gunner so extensive a field of view and of fire. Facing the rear he commands an uninterrupted hemisphere, and he can fire forward over the top plane. The speed-range of the machine is very wide.

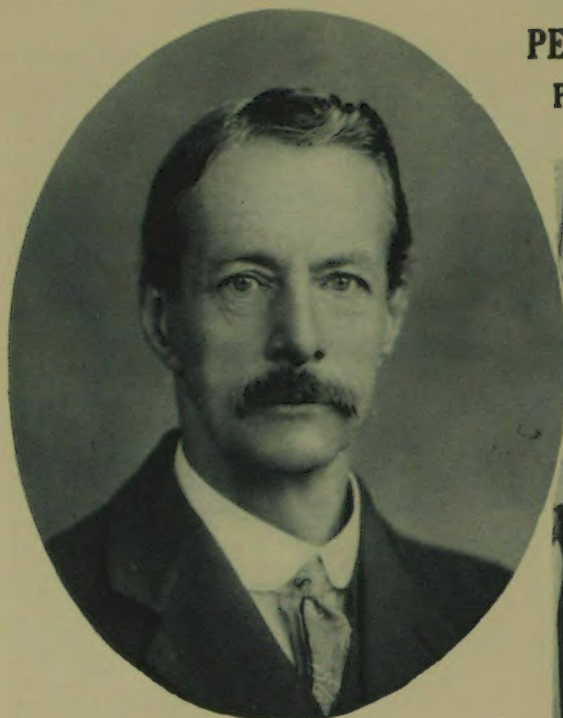


THE FRENCH AIR MANOEUVRES: A CAMERA OBSCURA USED ON THE GROUND FOR CHECKING THE ACCURACY OF BOMBING PRACTICE FROM THE AIR.
During the French aerial manoeuvres to test the defences of Paris which ended on August 31, this camera obscura was in use. Its lens projects on to a chart the image of a bombing aeroplane flying overhead. Directly the pilot signals the release of an imaginary bomb, the ground operator marks on a chart the position of the aeroplane's image, and times the progress of the image across the chart to a predetermined mark representing the objective to be bombed. If the image reaches the objective mark in a certain number of seconds, then the aim of the bomb is presumed to have been correct.



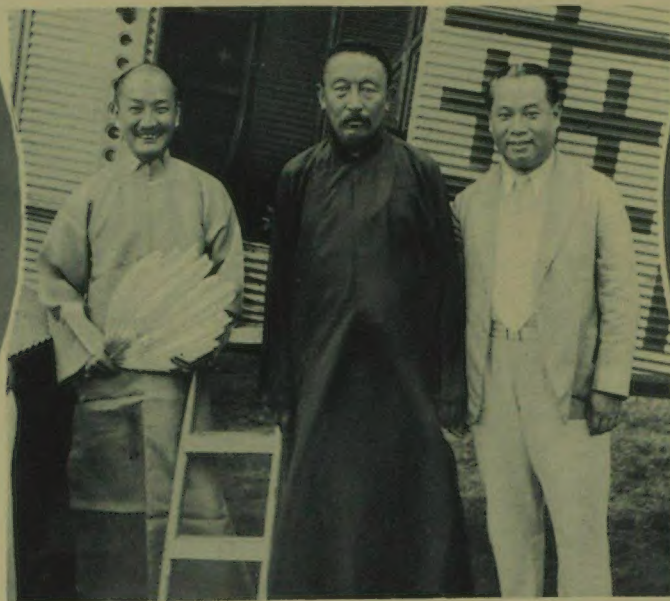
A SCOTTISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL MYSTERY: A CARVED STONE FROM RAASAY, IN THE INNER HEBRIDES.
The recent Dundee University College biological expedition to the island of Raasay, in the inner Hebrides, discovered this carved slab of sandstone, six feet high, buried under earth and moss in the graveyard of the ruined chapel of St. Malige. There is no record of the stone and its carvings in any way resemble those on any stone found in the Scottish islands.

PERSONALITIES AND RECENT OCCASIONS: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE WEEK'S NEWS.



MR. FRANK BRIANT, M.P.

Died September 1; aged seventy. Liberal Member for N. Lambeth, 1918-29 and since 1931. Member of L.C.C., 1905-19; re-elected 1931. Born in Lambeth and devoted himself to the service of its people most of his life. On the Borough Council from its establishment till 1919. On the Board of Guardians twenty-seven years and Chairman thirteen years. Hon. Superintendent, Alford House Institute for Working Men and Lads, forty-seven years. Joint founder, Arnold-Briant Camp at Deal.



THE FIRST TIBETAN DIGNITARY TO FLY: THE TASHI LAMA (CENTRE) BESIDE THE AEROPLANE USED FOR HIS NANKING-PEKING JOURNEY. The Tashi Lama (second spiritual head of Tibet) was delighted with his first flight, to Peking. He has been in China since 1925, when he quarrelled with the late Dalai Lama, who died last December. The Chinese Government has since asked him to return to Tibet, as ruler. In 1906 he met the King (then Prince of Wales) in India, and is pro-British. Last month he left Peking for Mongolia, intending to reach Tibet later this year, or early 'in 1935.



MR. GEOFFREY G. KNOX.

Chairman of the Saar Governing Commission since 1932. Recently addressed a letter to the League of Nations complaining of German interference in the Saar in preparation for the coming plebiscite, these activities being "a grave menace to public order in the Saar." He urged the League Council to approach States members of the League with reference to recruiting police forces and gendarmerie under the conditions prescribed by the League resolution of June 4 last.

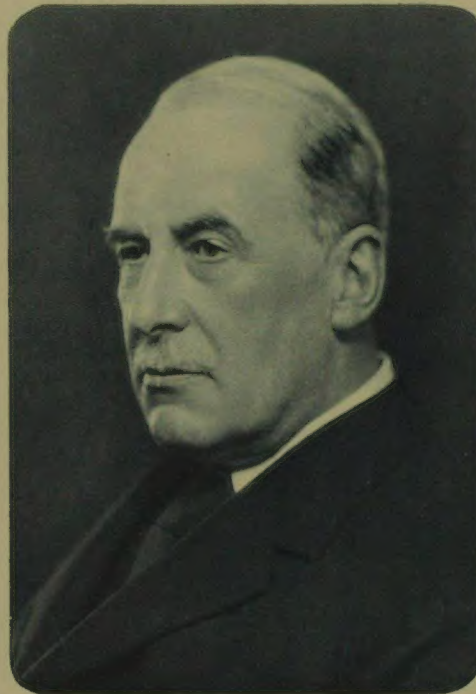


MISS FANNY DAVIES.

Died September 1; aged seventy-three. Famous pianist. Born in Guernsey, 1861. Began musical education at Birmingham and continued at Leipzig and Frankfurt. Pupil of Mme. Schumann, at whose house in Frankfurt she met Brahms. First appeared in England at a Crystal Palace concert, 1885. In 1907 toured Germany with Gervase Elwes, the singer. First pianist to give recitals in Westminster Abbey (1921) and other English cathedrals.



THE TOLPUDDLE MARTYRS CENTENARY: MR. GEORGE LANSBURY UNVEILS A MEMORIAL TO JAMES HAMMETT, ONE OF THE LABOURERS TRANSPORTED. The Trades Union Congress celebrations of the Tolpuddle Martyrs centenary, begun at Dorchester, August 25, continued on the 31st at Tolpuddle itself, where six memorial cottages were dedicated. They commemorate six labourers of Tolpuddle who, in 1834, were sentenced to seven years' transportation for having formed a local labourers' union. Mr. George Lansbury then unveiled a tombstone in the churchyard to James Hammett, the only one buried at his native village, and thereon described as "Pioneer of Trades Unionism, Champion of Freedom."



MR. F. C. GOODENOUGH.

Died September 1; aged sixty-eight. Chairman of Barclay's Bank. Born in Calcutta. Great-grandson of Samuel Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle. Joined Barclay and Co., 1896; General Manager, 1903; elected a Director, 1913; appointed Chairman, 1917. Strong supporter of the gold standard. Zealous for upholding the British Empire. Joined in forming the Dominion Students Hall Trust, to establish London House as a collegiate centre.



THE ELECTION OF A NEW GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY: THE MEETING OF THE HIGH COUNCIL IN THE CONGRESS HALL, CLAPTON, WHICH RESULTED IN THE CHOICE OF COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH (SEATED AT THE FAR END OF THE LONG TABLE ON THE RIGHT).

As noted under the portrait given on page 343, Commander Evangeline Booth was, on September 3, elected General of the Salvation Army, at a meeting of the High Council held, behind locked doors, at the Congress Hall, Clapton. The chairman of the Council, which consists of 47 members, was Commissioner Karl Larssen, seen above, with Lieutenant-Commissioner G. L. Carpenter (the right-hand figure) seated in the centre background below a portrait of the founder,

the late General William Booth. The five candidates spoke in turn, explaining their views. Five ballots had to be taken before Commander Evangeline Booth obtained the requisite two-thirds majority. After each ballot the voting papers were burned, and the candidates' names were read out again in the order of the number of votes they had secured. Otherwise silence reigned, amid growing tension. There was a dramatic scene at the final announcement.

Owing to pressure on our space, we are unable to give a Blampied "Holiday-makers" drawing in this issue.

PEDESTRIANS IN DANGER FROM MOTOR VEHICLES: FAULTS ON EITHER SIDE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

INCONSIDERATE USE OF THE HORN OFTEN CAUSES FATAL HESITATION — DIRECTION OF WARNING SOUND NOT EASILY RECOGNISED IMMEDIATELY



MOTORISTS SHOULD ALWAYS BE ON GUARD AGAINST THE IMPULSIVE ACTIONS OF CHILDREN AND



AND SHOW CONSIDERATION FOR THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE, REMEMBERING THAT PEDESTRIANS HAVE A NATURAL SPEED-LIMIT.



CARS SHOULD NOT PRESS OR HOOT THEIR WAY OUT OF A SIDE-STREET



VEHICLES SHOULD ALWAYS COME TO A COMPLETE STANDSTILL BEHIND A HALTED TRAMCAR.

WHEN TAKING A BLIND BEND ON A ROAD WITH NO FOOTPATH, MOTORISTS SHOULD ALWAYS BEAR IN MIND THE POSSIBILITY OF PEDESTRIANS WITH NO MEANS OF AVOIDING DISASTER.



PEDESTRIANS SHOULD NEVER TRY TO 'BEAT THE GREEN' WHEN THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS HAVE CHANGED FROM RED TO AMBER.



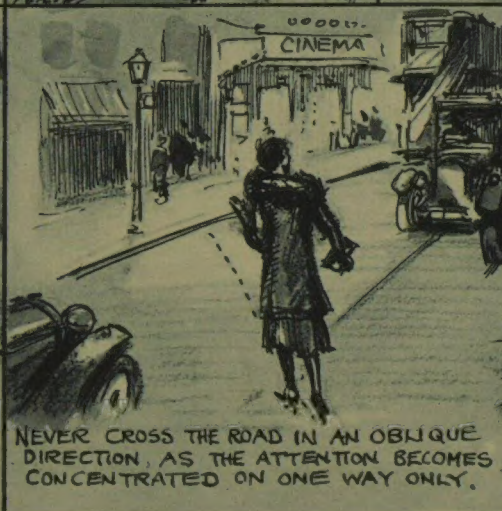
PEDESTRIANS SHOULD NEVER CUT ACROSS THE FRONT OF A TRAMCAR — OR SUDDENLY APPEAR FROM BEHIND ANY STATIONARY VEHICLE.



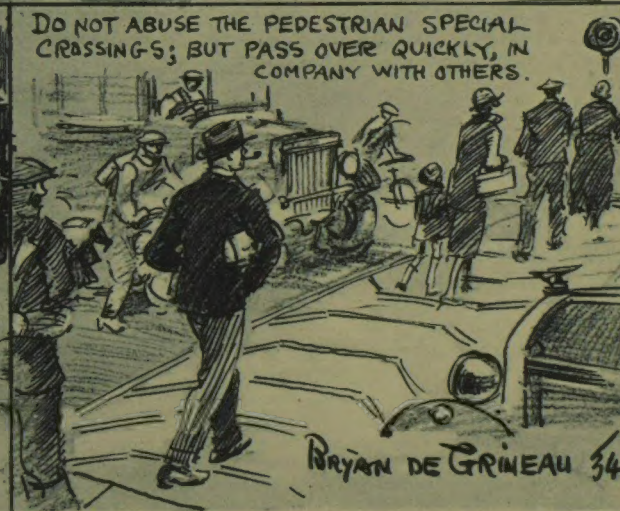
NEVER STEP OFF THE PAVEMENT WITH YOUR BACK TO THE ONCOMING TRAFFIC.



ALWAYS WALK ON THE FOOTPATH WHERE ONE IS PROVIDED.



NEVER CROSS THE ROAD IN AN OBLIQUE DIRECTION, AS THE ATTENTION BECOMES CONCENTRATED ON ONE WAY ONLY.



DO NOT ABUSE THE PEDESTRIAN SPECIAL CROSSINGS; BUT PASS OVER QUICKLY, IN COMPANY WITH OTHERS.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU 34

MOTORISTS WHOSE BAD DRIVING ENDANGERS PEDESTRIANS; AND PEDESTRIANS WHOSE CARELESSNESS ENDANGERS THEMSELVES: PERILS THAT BESET THE CHIEF SUFFERERS FROM ROAD ACCIDENTS.

In our issues of August 18 and of September 1 we published pages of drawings by Bryan de Grineau illustrating respectively examples of bad riding by "pedal" cyclists and bad driving by motorists. On this page the same artist pursues the matter further, and illustrates certain ways in which the pedestrian may be endangered on the road—either by his own fault or by the fault of drivers. It is here that we reach the most fruitful class of all road accidents, for pedestrians are the chief sufferers if there is carelessness on either side or excessive speed on the motorist's part. We have the following facts from "The Pedestrians' Association":

"Of 7134 persons killed on the roads of Great Britain last year, 3517 (49 per cent.) were pedestrians, as compared with 219 (3 per cent.) drivers (excluding motor-cyclists). Nearly 78 per cent. of pedestrians were under fifteen or over fifty-five years of age. 1038 were children under ten years of age." Meanwhile, the tragic toll of road deaths in Great Britain shows no indication of decline. During the week ended August 25 the number was 159—one less than the second highest total since the return was instituted in April. The number of those injured in the same period was 5459, compared with 5384 in the previous week.

PRINCESS MARINA—OUR NEW PRINCESS FROM OVER THE SEA. PRINCE GEORGE'S FIANCÉE AND HER FAMILY.

By GRACE ELLISON, the Traveller, Author of "Yugoslavia."

PRINCESS MARINA is too intelligent to take this country's natural curiosity about her as anything more than real admiration, homage, and affection. All the questions that people have asked me—since it is known that I have had the privilege of meeting this royal lady very often in her parents' home—have been prompted by a deep interest in a beautiful Princess who is to be one of themselves. What is she like?; what are her tastes?; how has she lived?; how has she been educated?; is it really true that she is far more beautiful than her photographs? Let us begin at the beginning.

Princess Marina is not only the descendant of two great Royal Houses, but she has had the greater privilege of being the daughter of parents who have looked upon the education of their children as a sacred trust. No stone has been left unturned to prepare them all for whatever the future had in store. Prince Nicholas, like his father, King George I. of Greece, has always had a particular admiration for the English method of education: indeed, King George would have liked to introduce the Eton system of education into Greece, feeling that, if the advantages of the English education could be grafted on to Greek culture, marvellous results might be expected. This experiment was carried out in the case of the education of Prince and Princess Nicholas's own family. From their birth, all the Princesses had English nurses and governesses, who were allowed to teach them the rules of British hygiene and self-control as taught to British children. All the nurses and governesses in the family were very carefully selected, and then given full authority over the children, an authority loyally upheld by the parents.

Prince Nicholas, as a boy, was taught that he must not expect, because he was a Prince, that he could avoid any obligations—quite the contrary; and his daughters were early taught that the first duty of Royalty is consideration for others, a rule that Prince and Princess Nicholas themselves have always carefully followed. I remember the sensation which was caused in Paris when Princess Nicholas, so beautiful and elegant—and she would be elegant even if she were in rags—herself climbed up the back stairs to the traditional French *sixième* to see how her servants were to be lodged. She expressed her horror at the accommodation provided for the domestics, and, though the expense meant going without something for herself, she took a comfortable flat for her servants in the neighbourhood. "I could not close my eyes," she said, "if I thought my servants were not properly housed." Ever since I have had the privilege of knowing the Prince and Princess in their own home I have seen repeated examples of unostentatious and willing self-sacrifice for others from them all. Princess Nicholas, as Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, is the head of the United Russian Charities in France. She was at Cannes presiding over a Congress, but this did not prevent her rushing back to Paris for the day so that she could be present at an operation on her maid. Prince Nicholas, in a recent letter, writes: "You will be grieved to hear that my poor Achille (his valet) must undergo an operation." All the royal servants are considered members of the family.

When Princess Nicholas first arrived in Paris after the exile in Switzerland, she made herself ill worrying about the distress amongst the Russians. She then decided that she must do something. So she took the precious jewels which had belonged to her mother, the Grand-Duchess Vladimir, which she had intended to give to her daughters, and sold them; and her daughters only too willingly consented. With the proceeds she bought a little property at St. Germain, and here the children of the Russian refugees are lodged. She has to provide the funds for working this big home, which means a constant organisation of charities, fêtes, dinners, and dances, and, in consequence, her house is often converted into an office, with herself as chief organiser. Here a stream of unhappy compatriots come to ask assistance and advice from the Imperial lady they all consider their Empress. If you want to give the Princess pleasure, send her some gift for her home. Whenever she has a moment she goes out to this institution, which is admirably run by a Russian general, and, when they see her coming, the children scream with delight and swarm around her like a lot of little flies. In these works of charity the Princess has been ably assisted by Princess Elizabeth and Princess

Marina: Princess Olga, who has been married for eleven years, has her own charities in Yugoslavia. Princess Marina, no doubt, will have her own charities in England, and the fine training she has had from her mother will be of the greatest value to her.

Prince and Princess Nicholas have always been a most devoted couple, and they have always sincerely wished that their daughters would make love marriages. Fortunately, their wish has been fulfilled. They have always been very firm with their children, carefully chaperoning them everywhere and advising them what they should read, but at the same time never losing their confidence and affection.



THE PRINCESS MARINA: DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY ZAROKILLI, A PROTÉGÉ OF PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, THE PRINCESS'S FATHER.

So Princess Marina comes from an exceptional home. She has had a most devoted father and mother and the affection that the Prince and Princess have lavished on their children has been returned in every way. There is nothing that any member of this family will not do for the others. This family unity and loyalty to one another was taught to them by the late Queen Olga, Prince Nicholas's mother, who was not only a great royal lady but, as her family rightly say, a saint. "You must never question the Will of God," she taught her children; and it was this consolation that enabled her to bear to the end the days of her exile and suffering. Prince and Princess Nicholas, too, have gone through their days of bitter exile with dignity and have never lost hope.

When Prince Paul of Yugoslavia married Princess Olga, he became the family's son; and no son could have behaved more handsomely than he has done towards his new family. He is proud of them and loves them. His delightful home on the border of the Yugoslav lake, Bohin, in the neighbourhood of the picturesque little church, St. Janez, and surrounded by the high Julian Alps, has been the summer home of the whole family. It is here that both Princess Elizabeth and now Princess Marina have become engaged to their brother-in-law's personal friends, and it is in this delightful home, so unpretentious and in such good taste, that Prince George is staying as I write, with his fiancée and her parents.

Princess Marina, like her sisters, loves Greece. She has had the advantage of Greek culture. On Greek Art her knowledge and love of art has been founded, so that her judgment of art, started in Athens and completed in

Munich and Paris, is not the judgment of an amateur. The same with the drama and music, which the whole Greek Royal Family have always appreciated and considered an important part of culture. Prince Paul always takes back to Bohin with him boxes full of books. These the Princesses read with him in the evening. They all read very seriously. In the old days, Prince Nicholas had his own theatre in Athens, where the greatest artists in the world, including Mounet-Sully and Sarah Bernhardt, performed. A passage led from the Royal Box to the back of the stage, so that at any time the Prince could go down, if necessary, and give advice to the actors. Whenever Princess Marina has come to London with her sister she has gone the round of the theatres. So the Arts in England will have in Princess Marina a real friend.

The Princesses spent many months of their childhood in Russia, where they paid visits to their maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir. On one of their visits to Russia they went with their father and mother to Constantinople on a State visit. They were very tiny children then, and had their first severe test in the duties of Royalty when they were taken to visit Abdul Hamid and were schooled to meet him without the least concern or fear. No mean achievement! When he saw them, Abdul Hamid exclaimed, "What little angels!" which remark reminds me of my own servant's question concerning Princess Marina's portraits on my wall: "Is that an English or a foreign angel?"

Princess Marina was only a child when she followed her parents and King Constantine into exile. In Paris, she went to a finishing school kept by a distinguished Russian lady, and then took up painting, for her parents insisted that she must have a serious interest and not waste her time. She has been the guest of the most distinguished Society in London, Paris, and Rome. She dances beautifully. She has always made a deep impression wherever she has been; yet her parents have always insisted that she must work as well as play. She has been to the Paris studios to work, always accompanied by her governess or her mother's lady-in-waiting. As a portrait-painter she has decided talent. Who knows whether her new duties will allow her to continue this work!

Since her marriage Princess Paul (Princess Olga) has always tried to share her pleasures with her sisters. Wherever she has gone she has taken one or both of them with her; and since her little son, Prince Alexander, has been at school in England, she has paid frequent visits to London, bringing her sisters with her, and staying, on her way in Paris, to see her parents. "How lovely," writes Prince Nicholas; "we are all together again." Every day the Princesses, wherever they are, telephone to their mother. About "telephone time" you see Grand Duchess Helen (Princess Nicholas) looking at the clock. "It is time," says the Prince, "to have news of the children." It is from this happy and exceptionally fine and cultured family circle that our new Princess has come.

It is not often that such amazing beauty as Princess Marina's—such a mixture of the North and the South; the exquisite Northern complexion and the Slav charm, the fine, graceful figure, and the royal dignity—is accom-

panied by such a sweet nature and unassuming manner. She is full of fun, and is a first-class mimic, keeping her entourage in fits of laughter. She is as witty as she can be, and there is a dash of satire in her humour, yet there is never a lapse of good-breeding or lack of dignity; and whenever you go to see her, like her father and mother, she never forgets to "thank you for coming." And she has learned the lesson that her mother has so carefully taught her: "Be sure to put your guests at ease. If you can't do this, you have failed; not the guests."

English, of course, is the language that has been adopted by the Greek Royal Family; and England has always meant so much to all of them. Princess Marina, like her sisters and Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, adores sport and has taken part in the dangerous sports of Yugoslavia. No doubt, when she comes to England she will hunt. But her father has told her that a far greater heritage than sport is associated with England, and that is a love of justice, fair-play, and gratitude for services rendered: for the lack of these qualities the Greek dynasty was ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of politics.

Princess Marina has all the qualities which appeal to the whole nation. Exquisitely beautiful, healthy in mind and body; kind and considerate for others, with a true sense of the responsibilities of her royalty, everyone will love her. So Prince George is bringing to us not only a witty and beautiful bride, but a cultured lady, fitted in every way to be a daughter-in-law to our own gracious First Lady in the Land, Queen Mary. The country should indeed be grateful to Prince George.

A ROYAL ROMANCE IN AN IDYLIC SETTING: PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA IN YUGOSLAVIA.



THE BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS OF THE HOUSE WHERE PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA BECAME ENGAGED: PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA'S SUMMER HOME (EXTREME LEFT FOREGROUND) BESIDE LAKE BOHINJSKO.



WHERE THE ROYAL PAIR ENJOYED BATHING AND FISHING: THE BATHING-PLACE AT ST. JANEZ, ON LAKE BOHINJSKO, DESCRIBED BY PRINCESS MARINA AS "THE MOST ROMANTIC SETTING ONE COULD POSSIBLY HAVE."



(ILLUSTRATION ON LEFT) PRINCE GEORGE'S FIANCEE IN A CLASSICAL TABLEAU: A REPRODUCTION OF A GREEK ANTIQUE ARRANGED BY HER FATHER, PRINCE NICOLAS OF GREECE—AN ILLUSTRATION ENTITLED BY HIM, "MADAME S. H. YURGENS AND MY DAUGHTER MARINA."



(ABOVE ON RIGHT) THE ROYAL COUPLE SOON AFTER THEIR ENGAGEMENT: PRINCE GEORGE, FOURTH SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN, AND PRINCESS MARINA, THIRD DAUGHTER OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE.



A NECESSARY ORDEAL AFTER BECOMING ENGAGED! PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA POSING FOR A PHOTOGRAPH, IN THE GROUNDS AT THE HOUSE OF HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA.



A HAPPY GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL LOVERS IN THE GARDEN OF PRINCE PAUL'S LAKESIDE VILLA: PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MARINA SMILING UP AT SOMEONE OUT OF THE PICTURE.

These happy photographs of Prince George and Princess Marina, taken just after their engagement, show in what idyllic surroundings their romance developed. Princess Marina herself is reported to have described this beautiful mountain landscape as "the most romantic setting one could possibly have," and to have said in conversation: "We got engaged by the lake at Bohin. George proposed to me in the same room that my sister Elizabeth got engaged in, exactly a year and a month ago—the drawing-room of Prince Paul's villa." Prince Paul of Yugoslavia married Princess Marina's eldest sister, Princess Olga. Our

illustration showing Princess Marina in a classical *tableau* comes from a book by her father, Prince Nicolas of Greece, who is a younger brother of the late King Constantine, and uncle to ex-King George of Greece. The illustration is described as "a reproduction of a Greek antique arranged by the author for a charity representation in Rome." Prince Nicolas, it may be recalled, is well known as a writer and painter, and in 1931 he held an exhibition of his work in London. Formerly (as mentioned in the article on the opposite page) he had his own theatre in Athens.

**NAPOLEON—EVER A DRAMATIC FIGURE: ELBA,
SCENE OF THE FIRST EXILE; HISTORIC SITES OF THE ISLAND
THAT ARE NOW A PUBLIC TRUST.**



IN ELBA, WHERE BUILDINGS ASSOCIATED WITH NAPOLEON'S FIRST EXILE ARE NOW A PUBLIC TRUST: PROCCHIO BAY; WITH THE PEAK OF MONTE GIOVO (RIGHT BACKGROUND), ON THE SLOPES OF WHICH LIES THE HERMITAGE OF THE MADONNA.



THE HERMITAGE OF THE MADONNA, SITUATED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF ELBA: THE LOVELY RETREAT IN WHICH NAPOLEON RECEIVED THE BEAUTIFUL MARIE WALEWSKA AND HER SON.



THE DESERTED GARDEN OF THE MULINI PALACE, FORMERLY NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE IN THE CAPITAL OF ELBA: THE VIEW OVER PORTOFERRAIO BAY; SHOWING A STATUE OF MINERVA WITHOUT HER SPEAR.



STILL MUCH THE SAME IN APPEARANCE AS WHEN NAPOLEON DISEMBARKED THERE IN MAY 1814: THE SLEEPY-LOOKING HARBOUR AND SEA-FRONT OF PORTOFERRAIO, PRINCIPAL TOWN OF ELBA.

Renewed interest is now being shown in this country in the ever-dramatic story of Napoleon. No fewer than four new plays dealing with various phases of his career are announced, or have already been produced. Alfred Sangster's "Napoleon" is now at the Embassy; "Josephine," Emlyn Williams's adaptation of the play by Hermann Bahr, is due at His Majesty's on September 25; a third Napoleonic play is to be by Stefan Zweig and Harold Simpson; and lastly, and what is peculiarly interesting, in view of the illustrations on the opposite page, a fourth



NAPOLEON'S UNPRETENTIOUS PALACE AT PORTOFERRAIO: THE FAÇADE OF THE MULINI BUILDING, WHICH HAD FALLEN BADLY INTO DISREPAIR, BUT HAS RECENTLY BEEN PUT IN ORDER BY THE FASCIST AUTHORITIES.

Napoleonic play—called "St. Helena"—is announced. There are two houses on Elba which perpetuate the memory of Napoleon's exile there; namely, the Mulini Palace, and the little villa of San Martino, at the head of the bay. Recently the Mulini Palace, in particular, was in a very bad state of repair—indeed, its condition was deplorable. However, the Fascist authorities took the matter up; a project was put in hand for restoring both the Mulini Palace and the Villa San Martino; and their upkeep is now in the hands of a public commission.

NAPOLEON—EVER A DRAMATIC FIGURE: LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, SCENE OF THE SECOND EXILE; RESTORED AND NOW PROVIDING THE SETTING OF A NEW PLAY.



THE RESTORATION OF LONGWOOD—NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE ON ST. HELENA—TO THE CONDITION IT WAS IN WHEN HE LIVED THERE: THE GARDENS IN THEIR PRESENT STATE; THE LAST TASK AWAITING THE RESTORERS.



THE METAL FRAMES OF SOME OF THE NEW BUILDINGS IN THE RESTORED LONGWOOD: WORK CARRIED OUT CONSCIENTIOUSLY BY A FRENCH SOCIETY USING THE MOST MODERN METHODS AND MATERIALS.



LONGWOOD AS IT NOW IS; WITH THE IMPERIAL APARTMENTS CAREFULLY RESTORED: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THESE APARTMENTS (ON THE LEFT OF THE TREE); AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE NEW BUILDINGS, WHOSE INTERIOR IS NOT EXACTLY RECONSTRUCTED, SO THAT THE RESIDENT GOVERNOR MAY HAVE FITTING QUARTERS.



LONGWOOD—AND THE DOMAIN OF THE CAPTIVE EMPEROR: A DISTANT VIEW WHICH GIVES A GOOD IMPRESSION OF THE BLEAK, WINDSWEEPED NATURE OF THE LOCALITY.

As noted under the illustrations of Elba on the opposite page, renewed interest in the figure of Napoleon is now being manifested in this country, where no fewer than four new plays about him are being given or are due for production. Of particular interest, in view of the illustrations on this page, is "St. Helena," a play by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis, which deals with the final phases of the Emperor's life. Longwood, Napoleon's residence on St. Helena, was acquired by the French Government in 1858 and restored; and during the period of the

Second Empire it was maintained in good repair. After 1870, however, it was again neglected, although still, of course, French property. It was not till 1913 that a sum of money was voted for its maintenance. In 1931 was founded the Société des Amis de Ste. Hélène. It raised the necessary funds and set about the work of conscientiously restoring the house to the condition it was in during Napoleon's residence. The work of reconstruction was directed by a French architect of great merit, M. Marcel Gogols, who had visited the island in 1928.

THE BEAVER PEOPLE.—By GREY OWL.

The Story of Grey Owl, Anahareo, and the Beaver McGinnis & McGinty.

The first and second instalments of "The Beaver People"—published in our issues of Aug. 25 and Sept. 1—told how Grey Owl, trapper and trafficker in furs, and Anahareo, his wife, came to adopt two kitten beaver, the McGinnis and McGinty of the future, who became to them as children, and showed many of the traits of the human child allied with the peculiar industry of their own kind. Brought up on tinned milk and then on porridge, they flourished and grew more and more confiding, more and more loving, more and more innocently mischievous. Nothing would induce their protectors to sell them: they were members of the household, the official representatives of Grey Owl's non-existent Society of the Beaver People. For their sake and for the sake of their fellows, Grey Owl decided to quit the beaver hunt for good. As by no means the least important of the four travellers, they went on their journeyings, and in due time reached the Touladi Lakes and a hamlet from which the forward move was by canoe, while the bulkier outfit was sent on by road. They were carried in their "foster-parents' " tin stove. When we left them last week they were in this metal "house," about to be paddled towards Birch Lake. Meantime, they had gone bald; but, under treatment, had perked up. Let Grey Owl continue:—

IV.

(Continued).

THE BEAVER IN DANGER OF DROWNING.

Having made arrangements to have our load go round by sleigh to the mouth of our home-stream-to-be, we proceeded up river in the canoe. There had been several heavy snowfalls and winter had arrived in good earnest. The canoe became quickly coated with ice, and the accumulations that formed on the steel-shod pole thickened it into a club that splashed water at every stroke, so that the gunwale was a solid mass of ice and the bottom of the canoe was like a skating-rink. Under these conditions, standing in the narrow, slippery stern—the usual attitude for the sternsman in poling—was a ticklish business. We had aboard only a camping outfit and the beaver in their tin prison. These few things, including the canoe, could have gone on the load, but our dignity would not permit this, and I think that nothing can be so humiliating to a good canoe as to be ignominiously hauled, upside down, alongside of a perfectly navigable body of water. But worse was to befall it, and not at all in accordance with the best traditions. Putting extra pressure on the pole in an especially stiff piece of fast water, my moccasins, frozen and slippery as glass, shot from under me on the icy canoe-bottom and I fell flat on my face in the river. I managed to twist clear of the canoe to avoid upsetting it, but this availed little, as the light craft, out of control, swung side on, filled, and was forced to the bottom by the pressure. Anahareo, who was kneeling, rolled clear, head first. Instantly we both regained our feet—swift work to be done, a matter of seconds! Somewhere under that rushing icy flood, perhaps already gone, was the stove, and in it the beaver were securely locked without a chance for their lives.

Packs, some air remaining in them momentarily, commenced to float up, and soon the canoe, becoming empty, would shift and begin to buckle. We disregarded all this and groped desperately, shoulder-deep. Anahareo was swept off her feet once, recovering by some miracle of agility. A beaver suddenly immersed drowns as quickly as any other beast, and we had searched for a full minute. And I think we lost our heads for a moment, for suddenly we were holding up the dripping stove between us, although we could never remember the act of finding it, and Anahareo was crying out: "They're alive! They're alive!" while I stood stupidly, clutching in my free hand, as though it were a talisman, the handle of our new tea-pail, while the pail itself, with the lid on, was bobbing merrily off with our immediate supply of lard, on its way to New Brunswick. The temperature was far below freezing; the water was icy cold and tore at our legs, so that we were like to lose our foothold and be swept away.

The river-bank was some five rods away, but Anahareo, by the judicious use of her pole, arrived there safely with the stove and its now frantic occupants. Three times she ran the gauntlet of the frigid, racing torrent, getting all our stuff ashore, while I, being of longer gear, did the salvaging and raised the canoe. Fortunately it was a staunch craft, and, although some sheathing and several ribs were smashed, the canvas was whole and the canoe still serviceable.

But we had little time for congratulations. It was freezing hard and ice was forming on everything, including our clothes. We were both soaked to the hide, and the beaver, in their almost hairless condition, were in danger of perishing. Some of the blankets were partly dry, having been in the centre of the bundle, so I wrapped up Anahareo and the beaver together in them, and let them lay there in the snow, while I rustled some wood and got an immense fire going, working on the run while the clothes froze on my back. Once the outer clothing is frozen a certain measure of warmth is possible inside them, but I must have resembled a frenziedly active tin man, and no

doubt the whole business, if viewed from a warm, safe spot, would have been highly entertaining to an onlooker. It had been a narrow escape for our pets, for if they had been in a light wooden box they would have been swept away immediately and been battered to death before they could have gnawed their way out or I have got the canoe ready and under way. Anyhow, it was all over now, and such is life in the woods that, what with the great warm fire, a cooking-pot half-full of tea, and a pan full of deer meat, we were again happy and as well off as ever; while the two deep-sea divers sat warm and comfortable on new bedding in their tin hut, eating some candies that were reserved for special occasions, and making a great noise about it.

We had lost nothing save the tea-pail and a small package of lard, and even two panes of glass tied on to a washboard were recovered intact some distance down stream. My self-esteem, however, had received a severe set-back, for I had committed what was to a canoe man in the light of a major crime, which I am here expiating by telling about it from the house-tops. Inside of a couple of hours we were again on our way, partly dry and as confident as ever, and looked on our mishap as now amounting to little more than a slightly longer dinner-hour than we usually allowed ourselves. We spent most of that night drying our equipment, while our two furless companions showed no disposition to enter the water, having probably had enough of it for



A YOUNG BEAVER IN PRINCE ALBERT PARK, SASKATCHEWAN: ONE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE GREY OWL PROTECTS.

the time being; but, seemingly hard put to find some other outlet for their abounding energies, they dug themselves a long tunnel in the side of the hill before they went to sleep.

V.

ON THE WAY TO BIRCH LAKE.—THE BEAVER'S IN A BARREL.—HOME.—A COLONY OF BEAVER AS TEMPTATION.

Next day Grey Owl, his wife, and the beaver, arrived at the cache left by the road-team. Across the river was Stoney Creek, at the head of which was their final stopping-place, Birch Lake. A surprise greeted them. The stream was three feet wide and possibly six inches deep: the canoe could not be used! They would have to carry at least 800-lb. of freight piecemeal over six miles of snow-covered ground to the lake. Grey Owl and Anahareo packed the load by stages. And on their way they found a 25-gallon barrel, sleeping-quarters for the beaver. Grey Owl goes on:

Since we had left the stream the beaver had made no attempt to wander away, and slept with us under the blankets. One would lie with each of us, snuggled up close, nearly always with their heads on our shoulders, or with their noses pushed tight to our throats, where they would puff and blow and sometimes snore, and grumble a little when we moved. Over-tired as we often were during this rather trying period, there was some danger that in our heaviness we might roll over on them, or that they would become suffocated under the blankets. In the barrel they were safe and warm, and, owing to its concave interior, they were unable to get their teeth into it very effectively. Not being able to see over the top of it, and feeling, no doubt, left out of things, they put up a violent protest at this new incarceration, signalling us with loud cries and doing all within their power to attract attention. In response to

this commotion, which was little short of terrific, we always lifted them out, but eventually they did succeed in carving out a large square hole about half-way up. Here they would stand looking out and jabbering away, reaching with outstretched hands and begging for pancakes, of which they were inordinately fond. And as they hung out over the edge of the aperture, with their droll gestures, and that queer language of theirs, which it seemed we could almost understand, so human did it sound at times, they looked for all the world like the travellers to be seen leaning out of coach windows at a railroad depot. And on account of this resemblance, we no longer called them Iroquois, but named them Emigrants, which was all the name they had for quite some time.

They seemed well satisfied with this arrangement, and soon came to look on the barrel as their home. When they wished to come out and spend the evening, generally about meal-time, they shoved their bedding up close to the hole so they could climb out, and they re-entered at will by means of a box we placed for them. They were as mischievous as a couple of monkeys, and, although they slept long hours, whilst awake they allowed no grass to grow under their feet. They were self-willed past all belief, and they were untiringly persevering in the prosecution of some purpose or other, whether it happened to be the investigation of a box of groceries or the dismantling of our domestic arrangements. Opposition only promoted a more feverish determination to see the matter to the bitter end, and in the carrying out of the more really interesting projects, which the cluttered contents of the tent supplied without number, they exhibited, young as they were, an ingenuity and zeal that held out alarming prospects for the future. Had they ever been turned loose in a china shop, I'd guarantee they would have been remembered there for a long time to come.

These two irresponsibles were fast becoming a very material part of our existence, and with their clowning, their bickering, and their loquacity, they invested the proceedings with an air of gaiety that would have been sadly wanting without them, and had they been suddenly taken from us, they would have left a gap that would have been very hard to fill. We began to wonder how we had ever got along without them, and the shrill cries and ridiculous gambols with which they welcomed our return from the slavish labour of the pack-trail did much to cheer and enliven us. And then, too, we had, on the way home, the exhilarating mental exercise of wondering what new form of devilment had been set afoot in our absence, as it was impossible for anyone not a magician to know what they would be liable to do next. But they gave us far greater pleasure than they ever did trouble, and the discovery, on our arrival, that the stove was down, or the dishes hidden in out of the way places, or that a fresh bannock, carefully cooked against our home-coming, had been taken out of the grub-box and chewed and trampled into an unrecognisable pulp, did not, after all, seem to matter so much; that is, not after the first shock of discovery was over. The time never dragged while they were awake, for there was always something going on, and we never knew from one minute to another when some novel form of entertainment would be provided us.

There was something infinitely touching in their affection for each other, and their complete dependence on us, and there were moments when their gentleness and soft, appealing ways were in marked contrast to their usual rather impetuous behaviour. They gave us the same recognition as if we had ourselves been of their own kind, and we were the haven of refuge to which they came in times of stress, which were frequent, as they were always getting minor injuries in their contacts with these unnatural surroundings. They were hostile to anything they deemed to be an intruder, and became very angry at the continued visits of a weasel to the tent, one of them eventually making a pass at him, the agile weasel, of course, being in two or three other places by the time the blow landed. And I once brought a small deer carcass into the tent to thaw out, and they both fought valiantly with the body all night.

They were the most adaptable creatures imaginable, and were probably the only pets that could have been happy, or perhaps even have survived, under the severe conditions in which they were living. An amphibious animal, they were none the less undismayed by the lack of their natural element, and were content to drink water from a cup which we held for them; though the water pail had to be kept out of their reach, as they evidently mistook it for a plunge hole and continually tried to dive through it, with disastrous results. Being unable to collect bedding on account of the snow, which was now nearly a foot deep, they took dry wood from beside the stove and converted it into shavings for the purpose.

As each new camping-ground was reached, they soon became busy with their small arrangements, exhibiting a workmanlike ability to take advantage of whatever materials were to hand, building barricades, finding bedding, and sometimes, if not too cold, cutting small poplar saplings outside and bringing them in for food. So that often we were all working together, and at times got in each other's way, and on more than one occasion one of us had to stand waiting perhaps an armful of wood, or a pail of water, while some busy little beast manoeuvred for position with a stick in front of the door. They adjusted themselves quite effectively to changing weather conditions. When it was warm they ran around in the tent, never leaving it without they had business outside, and when it was cold they stayed in their compartment and plugged the window,

* "The Beaver People," which we are publishing in instalments, is extracted from Grey Owl's new book, "The Pilgrims of the Wild," which will be published early next year by Messrs. Lovat Dickson.

whilst we put a lid on top of it and thought no more about them.

It was now bitterly cold, and bannock froze solid in the tent most nights. The snow was growing deeper every day, yet we were denied the use of snowshoes, as packing on them with the loads we were carrying will ruin the best shoe made. The packing was becoming increasingly arduous, and the work of breaking and making camp in the snow with bare hands was a recurrent hardship more to be dreaded than the actual moving, as the tent, continually damp with melted snow, froze stiff as a board the minute the stove was out and was as difficult to handle as if it had been made of iron. The constant grind was beginning to tell on us, and Anahareo was becoming exhausted. I at last prevailed on her to quit the pack-trail altogether and content herself to taking care of camp. I was able to convince her, as at this time someone was needed to keep fire all night, on account of the beaver. Fortunately the country was blessed with plenty of good wood.

Progress was desperately slow. At last Grey Owl, trudging ahead, found Birch Lake—and a beaver-house. He was sorely tempted, for there was the hunting debt to pay; but he did not fall. Then came a night on which all the parcels were stacked on the shores of the lake: no more trail-breaking on the morrow. The next thing was to build a cabin on the site selected for the winter home, opposite the lodge across the water.

VI.

THE BUILDING OF A CABIN.—THE BEAVER HELP BY PLUGGING THE CREVICES TO KEEP OUT THE COLD AIR!

It was the second week in November, and there was well over a foot of snow on the ground; the frost was in the timber, making for hard axe-work. The sized trees required for building purposes were found to be far away, and most of them had to be hauled long distances with a tump-line, on skids. It would, of course, have been easier to erect the camp near the most convenient timber, but the grove of pines and birches appealed to us, and we were willing to pay rather heavily for the privilege of living amongst them. Under these disadvantageous working conditions, the shack went up very slowly, and, as it snowed nearly continuously, most mornings we had to shovel out the inside of the cabin before we could go to work. We were quite fussy about everything—the front exposure, the position of the door, and the way the windows faced: these latter were cut so as to give a view of the finest group of trees.

Operations were being carried on across the lake from the tent in which we lived meanwhile, and one evening we came back to it to find the barrel empty, and two winding and irresolute-looking trails leading in separate directions out on to the lake. The beaver had been gone some time. Our first thought was that, sensing the close proximity of their own kind, they had deserted us, as there was a patch of open water that the native beaver had kept open before their lodge. But the tracks led off erratically in another direction, down the lake. Beaver have a homing instinct that takes them unerringly back to a place they have taken a liking to. Though they have a remarkable sense of direction, young beaver appear to have no idea of distance, and I feared that they had set out for our last camping-ground, where they had done a considerable amount of work. The weather had been soft all day, but it was now freezing hard, which not only had formed a crust on which they would leave no further track, but, if they were persisting in this attempt, they would most certainly perish in their half-furred state.

But it transpired that they had no particular object in view except to wander, and they had left along one shore a maze of tracks that it was impossible to follow to any definite spot, save by the slow process of covering them all. Armed with a lantern, we began the hunt. We worked as fast as possible, as they had been exposed to the cold a long time, and would have to be found soon. We called continuously as we searched, and were at length rewarded by hearing a feeble cry at a point nearly half-way down the lake. When found, the little beast was headed towards home, but was lying there in the slush, having apparently given up hope. It was the male, in trouble again, and Anahareo hurried home with him while I continued the search. Very soon, however, I received a signal that we had agreed upon, given with a light, and returned to find that the other had already been back in the barrel on Anahareo's arrival. Before leaving on this hare-brained expedition, these enterprising adventurers had undermined and upset the stove, so it was some considerable time before all hands were restored

to their normal good humour. From then on we took the barrel and its occupants over on to the job with us, having to keep a fire alongside of it.

Even with both of us working on the building, it was eleven days before it could be pronounced ready for occupation. Conditions were becoming a little disagreeable in the tent, owing to the cramped quarters, the steadily increasing cold, and the fact that it snowed almost without ceasing; so one night we were mighty glad to move into the new cabin. It was at present much like an ice-house, as the small stove had little effect on the frozen timber, and the apertures between the logs were not yet closed. The moss for this purpose, which I had had to chop out in solid blocks, would be some time thawing, and I arranged



A BEAVER THAT CAME TO PREFER "HUMAN" FOOD TO ITS NATURAL DIET: GREY OWL FEEDING IT WITH BOILED RICE AND BANNOCK.

When Grey Owl's voice was heard calling, this beaver would swim down the lake to him, even if half a mile away. It learned to prefer "human" food to the beaver's natural diet of poplar leaves and willow shoots, and would eagerly devour boiled rice and bannock, to say nothing of a special delight—apples.

it around three sides of the stove, so as to accelerate matters as much as possible.

On waking next morning we found, to our great astonishment, that the beaver had removed a quantity



THE BEAVER AS A DOMESTIC ANIMAL: "JENNY ROLL" RESTING WITH HER HEAD ON GREY OWL'S KNEE AND "TALKING" TO HIM IN HER UNCANNY LANGUAGE.

of the thawed-out moss and had made a very passable attempt to chink the crevices, as high as they could reach, for a considerable distance along one of the walls. It is the nature of a beaver to plug any air-leak or draught into his living quarters, and we were to find that this not only included cracks in walls, but extended to the apertures for doors and windows. But this taking-over of a task that I had planned for myself that day was at first glance a little startling, to say the least, especially to one just awakened.

All that day I chinked and banked and made everything secure without, while Anahareo built racks and a table, and put up shelves and made all snug within. And it was quite a proud-looking place when it was all finished, with its smooth, red spruce logs with green and yellow moss between them, and its white plume of smoke streaming up like a banner from the stove-pipe, to spread in a blue, shifting haze far overhead amongst

the dark boughs of the pine-trees. We both stood outside watching this column of smoke as it poured forth, which all bush people do when the first fire is kindled in a new cabin. The fire had been lighted the night before, of course, but we had not been able to see the smoke.

We enjoyed the spectacle. It had a very comfortable look, and gave an air of life and movement to the place. And inside, in spite of the moisture that formed on the walls and rafters as the logs thawed out, and dripped into everything, as it would do for a day or two, we held a small celebration, and if the neighbours had been closer we'd have had a dance. The stove-pipe was a little narrow, and sometimes, when the wind was strong, the stove did not draw so well, and when on such days we inadvertently opened the draught too full, we had a smoke storm. But that was easily dispersed by opening the door and waving it out with a blanket.

The cabin once completed, I hauled over the contents of the cache, procured a supply of wood, killed and brought in a deer, and then commenced to look over the country.

VII.

THE BEAVER AS THE SALVATION OF GREY OWL, ANAHAREO, AND THE BEAVER OF BIRCH LAKE.—NO MORE WANDERING.—THE BEAVER, GOOD; AND NOT-SO-GOOD.

It was early December. Grey Owl ranged far and wide, but no fur came his way. Things got worse and worse. Grey Owl thought of the beaver colony of Birch Lake. The lodge was just across the water. The beaver within it must be sacrificed: the need was great. Grey Owl was moved to the depths, so was Anahareo; but she understood and she helped in the preparations for what seemed like an execution. Then came a cry from the beaver-house, a cry almost like that of a child. Grey Owl and Anahareo heard it—and Grey Owl sprang the waiting traps. He had run his flag up again. Back in camp, Anahareo took the beaver into her arms. Grey Owl gave up wandering: the country had been thoroughly exploited. He writes:

To beings of our kidney, cessation of travelling, the denial of that unappeasable urge to see what lies beyond the hills, meant stagnation, almost a cessation of living, and, worse, long hours of idleness with their dark, attendant introspection.

The beaver were our salvation. By now they had grown considerably, weighing in the neighbourhood of fifteen pounds apiece, and their fur had come in full, rich, and lustrous. Although they were growing up, they were as much attached to us as ever, and still cuddled up to us in bed.

Our hours did not always coincide with theirs, and they were often ready to rise before we were. We would sometimes lie perfectly still feigning sleep and hoping they would subside; but apparently they liked to see everybody getting around mornings, and would pick at our eyebrows and lips and otherwise aggravate us until, in self-defence, we were obliged to get up. We had to sleep on the floor on their account, as they clamoured unceasingly to get into the bunk, and made it impossible for us to sleep there. We could, of course, have put them in their place as animals, but their perception of what went on around them was so extraordinarily clear that we felt that we would not be allowed to get away with it. And, moreover, their manner of expressing their desires was so explicit, and they were so sensitive to the least rebuff, that it seemed hardly the thing to do. That they were very responsive to our moods and extremely sensitive could be plainly seen. A bustle of preparation on our part induced them to a like activity;

as, for instance, when we were making our bed on the floor, they would run around us pulling at the blankets, and sometimes make off with the pillows. When we laughed a great deal, or held a more animated conversation than usual, they also became very animated. And I found a little self-reproach, and learned to better guard my tongue and temper, when I found that they kept out of my way, or even hid themselves and remained a long time out of sight, when I complained loudly and not too well concerning some pet grievance I entertained.

The stalemate which had fallen upon us would have been well-nigh unbearable, with its prospect of a further three months of inactivity until the March hunt should commence, had it not been for these entertaining creatures, who kept us in a state of perpetual uncertainty, and had our minds well exercised conjecturing as to their next move.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SEPTEMBER is, for most of us, a season of retrospect in regard to our summer holiday, when we think over where we have been and what we have done, and form vague plans for next year. Personally, I went a little further afield than usual, and after a short stay in the south, at Romsey and Rottingdean, took train from Brighton (where I did not deposit a trunk at the left luggage office!) and traversed the length of England northward and beyond the Border. After subsequent adventures there, forgetting awhile the lure of Cornwall and the West, I was almost moved to echo the words of our greatest living poet (whose home, by the way, is now at Rottingdean)—

To eastward, to westward, to southward I stray,
But the North has my heart at the end of the way.

The train from St. Pancras deposited me and a Scottish friend at Melrose, whence, of course, we made pilgrimage to Abbotsford and Haig's grave at Dryburgh. Later, we visited, in turn, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Callander, passed through the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, and settled for a few days at Rothesay, from whose delightful bay the punctual Clyde steamers carried us through the Kyles of Bute, to the fairy isle of Arran, and as far north as Inveraray. Then it was time for me to wend my lonesome and reluctant way southward to Glasgow, thence to be whirled back, by another route, to Euston and the stresses of a scribe's daily task.

I have given this little outline of a wonderful experience (though not of any exceptional or pioneering importance) because it qualifies me in some sort as the type of reader addressed by the author of "SCOTLAND IN TEN DAYS." By J. J. Bell. With fifteen Photographs and a Map (Harrap; 5s.). This excellent and well-illustrated little work plans a systematic tour (with alternative details for railway travellers, motorists, and independent tourists), and is practically informative and pleasantly historical without being too "guide-bookish." The first thing that strikes me about it is that it covers considerably more ground than we did, reaching as far as Inverness, Iona, and Skye; but then it permits of one more full day in Scotland, for two of my eleven days were occupied in the journey from London and back. Even allowing for this difference, I imagine that the tourist following Mr. Bell's itinerary would have little time for rest (in the event of bad weather he could not wait anywhere for a fine to-morrow), and he would have to scheme his time-table and hotel arrangements very carefully in advance. With that proviso, the book impresses me as admirably calculated to give the ten days' visitor as wide a conspectus of Scottish landscape and historic monuments as would be possible within the prescribed period. It forms a basic general survey from which future holidays of a more leisurely type, in particular localities, might conveniently be selected.

Mr. Bell has realised that no modern book on Scotland is complete without an allusion to the monster of Loch Ness. "It seems necessary to refer," he says rather plaintively, "to the elusive, protean creature. . . . Other Highland lochs have had their monsters in the distant past, which may have inspired the legends of the kelpie. . . . Yet, superstitions apart, Loch Ness has a strangeness of its own. There are old tales of monsters besides that of the creature forbidden by St. Columba to devour a swimmer fourteen centuries ago, and the great depth of the loch and its immunity from freezing would alone suggest mystery. Moreover, it lies in an earthquake area. . . . In 1755, on the day of the Lisbon disaster, its waters were violently convulsed." I am sorry that I cannot myself contribute any "monstrous" anecdotes. The nearest we got to such phenomena were numerous porpoises disporting themselves in Loch Fyne and in the waters around Arran and Bute.

At Edinburgh, when looking at the Castle Rock from Princes Street, I found myself considering the best way to climb up it (not that I intended to attempt the feat), and I learn from Mr. Bell's book that Stevenson scaled it in his youth. The bronze relief to Stevenson's memory in St. Giles's, by the way, is in such a dark corner that the inscriptions are almost illegible; and that, perhaps, is just as well, since there is a slight misquotation in the verses he wrote for his epitaph. Instead of "home from sea," the St. Giles's inscription reads: "home from the sea."

My next item recalls another poem of R.L.S., telling how—

Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

It is not from the sailor's point of view, however, but from that of the climber, as the title indicates, that this wonderland of the Hebrides is regarded in "MOUNTAIN DAYS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE." By J. E. B. Wright. With sixty-three illustrations (Moray Press; 12s. 6d.). For me, Skye must remain a dream of the future, but the great ridges of Goat Fell and its companion hills, which I saw in Arran, enable me to imagine its grandeurs, so beautifully portrayed in the photographs given in this book.

Mr. Wright, like the Gilbertian curate, is "disinclined his trumpet to be blowing," but his publishers rightly supply a necessary note on his achievements. He was the first professional mountain guide in this country, and for the last ten years has been at the head of his craft in the Lake district, where he founded the "Lakeland Mountain Guides." He has made over 1200 ascents of different peaks in Central Europe and the British Isles, and over 2400 rock climbs in the Lake country, North Wales, Skye, Switzerland, the French Alps, and the Tyrol. Unlike some men of action, he has also skill in pen-craft, with a power of picturesque and dramatic description and a touch of dry humour.

For readers who, like myself, have no head for a precipice, the book has many thrills calculated to send a shiver down the spine. But perhaps the most dangerous adventure Mr. Wright describes was the rescue of a fallen

this book deal respectively with Norway, Sweden, and the Outer Hebrides and Skye. The letterpress, which combines word-painting and light-hearted personalities, is pleasantly sprinkled with apt poetical quotations. "From our windows," the author writes, "we saw the peaks of the Black Cuillin covered with snow, like some polar range, their huge white spires towering into the blue, intensely sharp and clear; a dazzling sight—grand, majestic, aloof and beautiful they were, these giants, the whole magnificent range giving the impression of some mysterious Beings guarding Skye."

It is curious how the strife and struggle of one age provides the future with its memorials of romance, when the strife has died down and the scenes in which it occurred have developed into "places of interest." An example of such evolution is supplied by the works of a famous road-maker and bridge-builder recorded in an interesting book called "WADE IN SCOTLAND." By J. B. Salmond. With seventeen illustrations (Moray Press; 5s.). General Wade was first sent to report on affairs in Scotland, by George I.,

in 1724, and part of his subsequent task was to enforce the Disarming Act of 1716. "This little book," writes the author, "is no full-dress Life of George Wade. It is an attempt to give some account of the roads he made in the Scottish Highlands, to describe their condition to-day, and to help the wayfarer to find them." The author himself, we learn, has traversed all Wade's roads on Shanks's pony.

There is a monument to Field-Marshal Wade in Westminster Abbey, where his funeral took place in 1748. It is said that the sculptor, Roubiliac, who considered this monument his best work, used to come and weep beneath it, because it had been placed too high to be appreciated. Wade seems to have been a kindly person who got on even with his opponents, and we hear of his hob-nobbing with a Jacobite leader. Among other things, he built and launched on Loch Ness a galley fit to carry fifty or sixty soldiers. Summing up his character, the author writes: "Wade cannot be numbered among our great soldiers or our great politicians. . . . He is, however, unique in that he was a man in a great position of whom no one spoke evil. He was given an ugly job to do in Scotland, yet he did it without offence. . . . And now Wade's 'new roads' are the 'old roads' with ghosts on them and memories. Kindly ghosts indeed! They hold now that romance which once they were held to have taken away."

In conclusion, I find myself "ordered south" with a book which, geographically speaking, recalls the first week of my holiday, namely, "FIFTY YEARS ON THE TEST." By C. Ernest Pain. With eight photographs (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.). This work relates in easy, anecdotal style the experiences of an eminent angler. "Mr. Pain," his publisher reminds us, "is one of the best-known fishermen on the most famous trout-stream in the world. For fifty years and more he has lived in the valley of the Test, and he has fished almost every yard of it from Overton to Romsey. He has also played a large part in stocking the river." When I was at Romsey lately I saw some of the Test trout, but I did not try to catch any. I can appreciate, however, the beautiful photographs of river scenery that illustrate the book. One of the author's fishing stories, I see, relates to a Scottish salmon river, and he comments on the fact that the middle Test is the only water where salmon are regarded as "vermin," their presence being hurtful to the trout interests. Incidentally, he discusses such questions as—Do trout hear? Are trout colour-blind? and Do trout notice a hook? These questions, I feel, could only be answered satisfactorily by a trout reviewer, but he might prove to be a carping critic! C. E. B.



REVEALED BY CLEANING: ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF MEDIAEVAL ENGLISH CRAFTSMANSHIP IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



REVEALED BY CLEANING: THE PILGRIM—LIKE THE ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR AND ALSO THE CENSING ANGELS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN THIS ISSUE—DATING FROM A FEW YEARS AFTER THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY AND GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS BEING THE WORK OF MASTER JOHN.

As noted under the reproductions in colours on other pages of this number, the work of cleaning the interior of Westminster Abbey has freed from deposits of grime and soot a number of examples of mediæval craftsmanship, notably the St. Edward the Confessor and the Pilgrim, here illustrated, and two Censing Angels. St. Edward is clad in black shoes, red hose, a cream tunic, diapered with constellations of black spots, and a gold mantle diapered with a pattern of crescents and stars and lined in green. In his left hand he holds a sceptre and in his right a ring. The Pilgrim is clad in a cream tunic diapered with small flowers, a white mantle diapered with spots and stars, and lined in vermillion, and a pilgrim's hat. His right hand is extended to receive the ring.

After the Drawings by Professor E. W. Tristram.

climber, by a group of men who had to haul him up the steep bound on a stretcher. In his narrative chapters, written for the general reader, the author has avoided technicalities, but he adds appendices giving practical details of various ascents for the benefit of expert rock-climbers. To those unfamiliar with the locality, he utters a word of warning as to certain difficulties and dangers. "For those," he continues, "who are able to scramble over Striding Edge to Helvellyn, or climb up Sharp Edge to Blencathra or clamber over the Crib Goch Ridge to Snowdon, Skye provides a paradise beyond their wildest dreams."

For my part, although I did once negotiate Striding Edge in my adventurous youth (now somewhat remote), nowadays I should have to content myself with admiring the sky-line of Skye from below. Such is the view-point taken in a charming book of holiday travel entitled "SUMMERS OF YESTERDAY"; or Memories and Wanderings in Northern Lands. By the Countess of Norbury (Fay Ellis). With four Colour Plates and six Photographs by the Author (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). The three divisions of



A CENSING ANGEL.

A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL STONE-CARVING REVEALED DURING THE CLEANING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY—
GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS BY MASTER JOHN.

Concerning the carving here illustrated, that on page IV., and the St. Edward the Confessor and the Pilgrim reproduced in photogravure in this issue, Professor E. W. Tristram has been good enough to supply the following note, as well as the details under the monochrome reproductions: "The work of cleaning the interior of Westminster Abbey, commenced by the late Surveyor of the Fabric, Professor W. R. Lethaby, has been steadily progressing during the last few years, under the direction of the present Surveyor, Mr. Walter

Tepper, A.R.A. Although funds permit only a small portion to be undertaken at one time, and extreme care and patience have to be exercised in the work, almost the whole of the South Transept has now been cleaned, and for the first time for centuries is revealed in all its original fairness. Amongst the examples of mediæval craftsmanship thus freed from the deposits of grime and London soot that made them practically invisible from the floor of the Abbey are four outstanding examples of English sculpture. They occupy the spandrels

AFTER THE DRAWING BY PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM.

[Continue.] on Page IV.



THE "CONCOURSE" AT JOHANNESBURG'S NEW £750,000 STATION: A MAGNIFICENT ENTRANCE HALL, WITH NOVEL DOMES OPEN TO THE SKY, FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The City of Johannesburg, founded about fifty years ago on the famous Witwatersrand Goldfield, has become to-day one of the world's most up-to-date and imposing cities. During the last three years, the Johannesburg Town Council has passed plans for new buildings aggregating in cost over ten million pounds, and within the past year the process of reconstruction has proceeded on an even greater scale. One of the largest undertakings in the centre of the city is the new main-line station of the South African Railways. In its entire

lay-out it covers about 16½ acres of ground, and it has involved an expenditure of about three-quarters of a million sterling. The actual building has a frontage of 537 feet, and occupies, with its quadrangles, an area of 5 acres. The office block is served by 700 yards of corridors, and some of the rooms for housing the administrative staff are 80 feet in length. The central feature of the station is the Concourse, which is illustrated on these pages. It is in reality a lofty hall, situated at the base of a marble stairway at the front entrance of the

station. Two domes are open to the sky, and provide a novel feature in station construction. The Concourse contains, among other attractive features, a magnificent restaurant, which has become a fashionable rendezvous in Johannesburg. The room is adorned with some 1100 square feet of coloured marbles and pink granite columns. The kitchen services are electrically equipped throughout. The public bar is one of the largest in the southern hemisphere. Other notable features are a special cocktail bar, tiled in striking colour-schemes,

and a tea-room, likewise original in its style, in which some 6000 hand-painted tiles have been used in the decorative design. Our readers will be aware that South Africa now occupies a favoured position as one of the acknowledged lands of travel, particularly in winter, and the provision of new stations, such as this great edifice in Johannesburg, shows how the South African Railway authorities are modernizing their facilities and services, not only to encourage travel to the country, but to provide tourists with every convenience and comfort.

PIECE DE PAINTING BY CONTEMPORARY ARTIST C. E. TURNER.



A CENSING ANGEL.

A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL STONE-CARVING REVEALED DURING THE CLEANING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY—
GENERALLY ACCEPTED AS BY MASTER JOHN.

Continued from Page I.]

between the arches of the triforium, immediately beneath the large rose window in the south wall, and were once brilliantly coloured and adorned with patterned enrichments on their vestments and habits. The two figures in the centre depict the legend of St. Edward the Confessor and the Pilgrim. St. Edward stands on the left. On the right is the pilgrim. In the outside spandrels are two censing angels, their vestments as highly coloured and richly patterned as those of the two central figures. The feathers of their wings are picked out in gold,

red, green, and black, and their faces are painted in realistic colours. All four figures, and especially the two angels, are superb examples of the mediæval stone-carver's art, and may be regarded as the apex of achievement of the school of sculpture developed at Westminster under Henry III. When they were executed, a few years after the middle of the thirteenth century, Master John is recorded as being the 'Sculptor of the King's images,' and these masterpieces of English art are generally accepted as being the work of his hands."

AFTER THE DRAWING BY PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM.

THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION: A PERFECT PASTORAL.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"IM DORFE."—BY ERNO VADAS.

The seventy-ninth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society was formally opened at 35, Russell Square, London, W.C.1, on the evening of September 7; and the public will be admitted from to-day, Saturday, the 8th. For a month, therefore, it will be possible to see exemplified in striking fashion the applications of photography in every department of human activity in

which it has become an indispensable ally. Among the branches covered are pictorial photography; natural history, scientific and technical photography; record, advertising and theatrical photography; photomicrography; aerial and astronomical, meteorological, ethnographical and geological photography; colour photography; and technical applications.

AT THE R.P.S.: AN OCCASIONAL NUISANCE OFF OUR SOUTH-WEST COASTS.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"COMMON OCTOPUS."—BY DOUGLAS P. WILSON, M.Sc.

These photographs were taken at the Plymouth Aquarium. Flashlight was used and the exposure was one-ninetieth of a second. Mr. Douglas P. Wilson writes: "The common octopus (*Octopus vulgaris*) is occasionally abundant off our south-west coasts, where it makes itself a nuisance by getting into crab- and lobster-pots and eating the catch. It is a powerful creature with two rows of suckers down each of its eight long arms. Specimens with arms spanning five or more feet are not unusual. It hides in holes in the rocks or piles stones around itself. It captures crabs by seizing them with the arms. The crab is

drawn to the mouth, where a powerful, parrot-like beak prises open a hole in the shell, through which a paralysing poison and a digestive fluid are injected. The tissues of the crab, rendered fluid by the latter, are subsequently sucked out through the same hole and the empty shell is rejected. This species is very plentiful in the Mediterranean, and some years wanders as far north as Britain. It was abundant off Devon and Cornwall last year, and is still moderately common this summer. In 1900 it was a veritable plague, severely damaging the crab and lobster fisheries."

AT THE R.P.S.: THE MOST TEACHABLE OF THE APES; BUT INFANT-BRAINED.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"CHIMPANZEE."—BY DOUGLAS W. STEVENS.

This fine photograph at the Royal Photographic Society furnishes us with an opportunity of adding to the studies of chimpanzees published at various times in "The Illustrated London News." In our issue of October 1, 1932, we gave a double-page of photographs showing intelligence tests made on a chimpanzee. They illustrated the animal's considerable ingenuity—which other experiments have indicated to be greater than that

of an orang-utan. In fact, chimpanzees learn from experience better than any of the apes (although the gorilla is closer to man in structure), and are the most easily teachable. But too much should not be made of this teachability. The size of the brain is an imperfect but still a fair guide to intelligence; and Sir Arthur Keith's figures give the brain-size of the average adult chimpanzee as little exceeding that of the human child at birth.

**AT THE R.P.S.: "DISARMED" FIGHTING-CKOCKS.
1-75,000th-OF-A-SECOND PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING EVERY FEATHER.
THE BIRDS SPARRING, THEIR SHORTENED SPURS MUFFLED
IN "BOXING-GLOVES."**

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD E. EDGERTON AND KENNETH J. GERMESHAUSEN IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



Continued from below.]

for Battell," and concerned at the moment with training for the pit, he notes of the novice that he should be set to spar with another cock—"putting a payre of hots upon each of their heeles, which Hots are soft, bumbasted roubles of Leather, covering their spurs, so that they cannot hurt each other." These "roules of Leather," which have also been called "muffles" and described as miniature boxing-gloves, are seen in our reproductions.

THE very remarkable photographs here printed are given as further examples of the amazing speed-photography of Messrs. Edgerton and Gerneshausen, of Massachusetts, with whose spark-photography we have dealt from time to time; most recently in our issue of August 18. The exposure for each of them was 1-75,000th of a second! As to cocking, it may perhaps be recalled that in less humane days it was the national sport of the British peoples, a fact recalled in various ways, and especially by the cockpit of the warship. In this connection, we may quote an enthusiastic writer in the "Encyclopædia of Sport": "It is significant that during the various periods when Britain made herself most signally felt as a military and naval Power, cockfighting was ever at its best; and there can be little doubt—as the Athenians under Themistocles had found in their day—that the example offered in the cockpits of our men-of-war (which always carried a team of game-cocks aboard as the only means of providing sport for their officers and men) contributed not a little to our great naval victories."! Now such excitements as cock-fighting then provided are illegal—and few will wish to see them in vogue again. So much by way of preamble and to call attention to the fact that the fighting-cocks in the photographs are not only without the artificial metal spurs which used to take the place of the natural spurs (which were shortened), but are "disarmed" in the manner described by Gervase Markham in his "Pleasures of Princes," published in 1614. Writing "Of the Choyce, Ordring, Breeding and Dyeting of the fighting-Cocke

[Continued above.]



AT THE R.P.S.: SPIDER IN SNARE; BULL SEA-ELEPHANT IN LAIR.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



THE tube spider shown belongs to the *Agelenidae*, common in England—probably *labyrinthica*. These spiders spin a funnel-shaped snare—a kind of sheet of woven web drawn down to form a funnel which runs down into the vegetation upon which the snare is set. The spider lurks in the mouth of the funnel until its prey gets entangled in the snare; then it runs to it, seizes it, and immediately begins to suck it dry. So thickly spun is the snare that it seems to be of a far denser material than spider's web. The funnel, which may be some inches long, is a refuge for the spider when attack is threatened from such enemies as birds; ichneumon-flies; and wasps, which may sting it to death and eat it.

"TUBE SPIDER ON SNARE."—

BY T. DOBSON,
F.R.E.S., A.R.P.S.

THE photograph shows a bull sea-elephant (*Mirounga leonina*). After a period during which they were endangered far too often, sea-elephants are increasing in numbers, thanks to the fact that killing is officially controlled and bulls only may be hunted. At the present time, the hunting in question is carried on by a whaling company under a license issued by the Government of the Falkland Islands—in which connection it may be noted that the sealing operations with which the Falkland Islands and Dependencies were concerned in 1932, for example, yielded 11,842 barrels of oil. For the rest, it is perhaps of interest to recall that the sea-elephant is polygamous and will fight fiercely in defence of its "harem," both against bachelor bulls and against rival much-married bulls.



"BULL SEA-ELEPHANT ROARING."—

BY A. SAUNDERS,
A.R.P.S.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HERR SCHUBERT AND HERR TAUBER.

IN many of the biographies devoted to the life of the great composer Herr Franz Schubert, one brief, romantic interlude finds a place. Schubert is accredited with a hopeless passion for his Hungarian pupil, Countess Caroline Esterhazy, but even this affair is hazy and may well be open to doubt. For the rest, the chronicles of the tragically short span of his years—he died at the age of thirty-one—present in the main a crowded record of his amazing musical output and the loyalty of a group of devoted friends, amongst whom his school-fellows figure largely. The "episodes from the life of Franz Schubert," which follow each other at regular intervals nowadays in response to the vogue for pressing famous musicians and their music into the service of stage and screen libretti, have discovered a weakness for altruistic passion in this genial son of a Viennese school-master that would probably surprise him beyond measure. The haunting and lyrical qualities of Schubert's lovely *Lieder* are mainly responsible for the poetic licence that shaped the material of the stage play "Lilac Time" and that fine film "Unfinished Symphony"; but in the case of "Blossom Time" another consideration obviously decided the selection of the subject. For this polished piece of sentiment, successfully launched at the Regal, is first and foremost a vehicle for a singer of world-wide fame—Herr Richard Tauber. Now, in addition to a magnificent voice and an aptitude for romantic sacrifice, Herr Tauber bears a marked physical resemblance to Franz Schubert. What wonder, then, that he should resume the cloak of the composer which he wore in "Lilac Time," and with it the unrequited love, the smiling fortitude, the magnanimity of the current Schubert legend? Nor could any subject lend itself more easily or more legitimately to the frequent bursts of song in which the star is permitted to indulge—to our infinite pleasure—for, after all, it is no great tax on our credulity to endow the finest of *Lieder* writers with a voice that reduces a turbulent concert-hall to rapt silence.

This British International picture from the Elstree studios, directed by Mr. Paul Stein, provides an apt and handsome frame for Herr Tauber—so apt and so handsome, indeed, that I am almost disinclined to find any fault with it. Yet critical honesty compels me to admit that Schubert's latest encounter with mischievous Cupid follows the rules of the game so closely as to appear a trifle tame. Or let me rather say that the upshot of the composer's love for a dancing-master's pretty daughter is obvious from the start, and the intervening stages before the final *beau geste* is reached are little more than pleasant interludes between the real business of Herr Tauber's singing. That Schubert is destined to plead the cause of the heroine and her soldier-lover with the autocratic Archduchess, that he will lift his golden voice above the treble of the choirboy's at his lost love's wedding, is a foregone conclusion. It is the golden voice that really matters. Schubert in his attic trying over his inspired compositions, Schubert on the concert platform deputising for an absent

singer, Schubert attuning his rich tones to his guitar as he leads a happy band of youngsters through field and forest, Schubert at the Archduchess's piano melodiously evoking memories of a bygone romance in order to pave the way for younger lovers, Schubert—or, rather, Herr Tauber—singing his immortal songs, carries a thrill that is absent from his tentative romance. Herr Tauber acts well, but he sings superbly. His timid wooing of his Vicki, charmingly played by Miss Jane Baxter, commands our sympathy in a gentle sort of way, but his singing commands our whole attention, our unequivocal admiration. Even though his director, Mr. Paul Stein, threatens our full enjoyment, ever and anon, by "close-ups" revealing the facial gymnastics of a singer in the process of voice-production, he cannot break the spell.

Apart from this minor flaw, Mr. Stein has handled his material and his star extremely well. There is both rhythm and dignity in the development. If the tempo is leisurely, it is one that suits the leading actor's methods to a nicety, and creates a certain serenity of atmosphere in which the picture poises on wings of song against the shifting backgrounds of Old Vienna. Here, too, the story proper is diverted into a quiet backwater where dwells the erstwhile piano-teacher of the Archduchess, an imperious lady of uncertain age with a passion for waltzing and a caustic tongue. But she was once a lovely girl and she loved her piano-teacher—thirty years ago. To me, this hint of an old and fragrant memory, a secret shared by two elderly people whose paths have carried them so far asunder until they meet again amidst the pomp of a marriage ceremony, has more vitality, for all its brevity, than the whole edifice of romance to which it contributes a modest brick. Miss Athene Seyler's incisive characterisation, her exquisite suggestion of well-guarded emotion, and Mr. Charles Carson's quiet thumbnail sketch of a gallant gentleman, have a great deal to do with the effectiveness of this side-light. Unobtrusively, the two of them carry off the histrionic honours, and their fine diction emphasises the infelicity of introducing a variety

of foreign accents into a British picture. The interchange of stars is admittedly not only politic but progressive, and in this particular case the production owes its very existence to Herr Tauber. On the other hand, I can see no reason for importing a *jeune premier* who has nothing but his good looks to commend him; nor would it have been difficult to fill the part of the heroine's father with an English actor. When all is said and done, however, I recognise on every foot of "Blossom Time" the hall-mark of popularity.

NOVA PILBEAM.

A dark cloud, it appears, has persistently obscured the bright horizons of the British studios, and Miss Nova Pilbeam, the juvenile star of "Little Friend," the Gaumont-British picture introduced to London at the New Gallery, has removed it. I gather that our alleged inability either to discover or to direct child-artists has spread a pall over our isles, and that to have found a clever little girl capable of freeing us from this accusation is a matter for universal rejoicing. This almost general point of view puzzles me not a little. The juvenile star is not essential to the progress of the kinema. His or her contributions to the screen are necessarily limited by the range of suitable dramatic subjects, and are valuable only in so far as they provide box-office sensation or an occasional diversity in the steady flow of adult drama. Miss Nova Pilbeam, it seems to me, is not to be congratulated for being the first British child-actress of genuinely stellar quality, so much as on being of the stuff that achieves stardom overnight. She has to carry the burden of a domestic drama lifted from a German novel, and her task is no easy one. The tragedy of impending divorce as seen through the eyes of a sensitive, lonely child, whose attempted suicide brings about her parents' reconciliation, may seem to many a painful theme for the exploitation of a child. But, like Robert Lynen in "Poil de Carotte," this fourteen-year-old girl—she looks no more than ten on the screen—handles a psychological study with such insight and emotional power that the standards by which we judge her are no longer juvenile. Her grave and charming little face is the mirror to her thoughts, and no grown-up could have bettered her agonised fencing with judge and counsel in the trial scene. Here, then, is a potential adult star in the making. There are, indeed, two in "Little Friend," for Jimmy Hanley, who plays a Cockney errand-boy with consummate ease and a delightful sense of humour, is a born comedian. He is a pupil of Miss Italia Conti, to whom stage and screen are already deeply indebted. Miss Pilbeam, I learn, was trained by Miss Gertrude Burnett, of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and both children do honour to their tutors.



"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AS THE FAMOUS GALLANT, NOW NO LONGER YOUNG AND IRRESISTIBLE, AND ATHENE SEYLER AS THERESA, THE LANDLADY OF AN INN.

The new British film, "The Private Life of Don Juan," which was shown for the first time in public at Venice on August 27, where it was well received, began its run at the London Pavilion on September 5. The film is a London Film Production, directed at Elstree by Alexander Korda, whose recent successes have included "The Private Life of Henry VIII." and "Catherine the Great." Among a distinguished cast is Douglas Fairbanks senior, Merle Oberon, Benita Hume, Athene Seyler, Owen Nares, Gina Malo, and Binnie Barnes.



THE TWO DON JUANS: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (LEFT) AS THE REAL HERO, AND OWEN NARES AS THE ACTOR WHO APPEARS AS DON JUAN ON THE STAGE.



MERLE OBERON AS THE DANCER ANTONITA AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AS DON JUAN: A BRITISH FILM NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

AN AEROPLANE CRASH BY A WINNER: STAGES OF THE SOMERSAULT.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF BRITISH MOVIE-TONE NEWS.



The Sequence of the Photographs is as Numbered.]

A "SAFE" LANDING; COLLISION WITH A MOUND; THE END: THE ILL-LUCK OF A SUCCESS.

The British Movietone News Kiné-film from which we have extracted the photographs reproduced above shows an aeroplane crashing at Omaha, U.S.A., at the end of the Eppley Air Race. The machine was one of those engaged in covering a 50-miles triangular course at breakneck speed which necessitated banking round

the pylons at nearly 200 miles an hour. Gordon Israel, the winner, is seen landing, apparently safely; then the wheel of his machine strikes a mound. Immediately, the aeroplane turns a complete somersault; then it topples back to earth after standing on its tail. Gordon Israel was somewhat shaken, but uninjured.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY": By ALDOUS HUXLEY.*

(PUBLISHED BY CHATTO AND WINDUS.)

OUR literary travellers are indefatigable, and it will be a serious outlook for them when there are no unfamiliar countries left for them to visit and to write about. In the meantime, Guatemala and south-east Mexico are sufficiently unfamiliar to whet the curiosity of most readers, and Mr. Huxley is a most vivacious, if somewhat distracting, guide. His book is not, as his publishers describe it, an excursion, but rather a series of excursions. His form of travel is "observation with extensive view"—observation not so much of objective things as of the reflections which those things suggest. An orange at Trinidad, mahogany or coffee in Guatemala, can move him to as deep meditation upon human destiny as the baffling civilisation of the Mayas; he can extract a neat little dissertation even from a banana; indeed, it is not too much to say that to him the meanest banana that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. In short, although he certainly interests us in the itinerary, he interests us even more in his conversation by the way. And why not? That is a far more entertaining kind of travel than the grim business of "sightseeing." There are times, however, when the traveller may be forgiven for wishing merely to abandon himself to the scene rather than to debate all its infinite implications; at such moments, however intellectually indolent it may be of us, we should be willing to give Mr. Huxley a holiday from social and psychological theory, for we begin to feel—ungenerously—that there is a certain forced importunity in his dialectics. We should like him to see, and make us see, something which pleased or astonished for its own sake; and particularly we should be grateful for something which made him laugh for its own sake. But there is always scorn in Mr. Huxley's laughter.

The journey was begun on a tourist ship (*Giant Hostess*). This must have been a more severe experience than the hardships of the trail in Guatemala or the heat of the valley of the Quioitepec. "*La bête*," says Mr. Huxley, quoting M. Valéry, "*n'est pas mon fort*." It was definitely not his fort at the Grown-Up Children's Party and the Egg-in-Spoon Race; which we rather regret, for we sometimes feel that a shot at Chalking the Pig's Eye, or a bout of Bolster-Bar, would be good spiritual exercises for Mr. Huxley. Reaching Guatemala by way of Barbados, Trinidad, Colon, Jamaica, and British Honduras, he laid his course across the south of the Republic to Guatemala City, and then to a number of places (in the western, mountainous district) which we are tempted to mention in detail, for the mere music and fascination of the names. We refrain, however, out of consideration for the compositor. There was an enterprising flight, not without inter-republican complications, across nearly the whole width of Guatemala to Copan, richest of all sites in Maya remains. From Champerico, Mr. Huxley took ship to Puerto Angel, and thence made his way, north-westerly, via Oaxaca and Puebla, across a comparatively unknown part of Mexico to the capital.

We hesitate to say that Mr. Huxley's terse descriptions are vivid and memorable, lest we should seem to accuse him of presenting "word-pictures" ("the very name makes one feel slightly sick"); and that suggestion, we gather, might involve this journal in an action for libel. When he comes to Cholula, Mr. Huxley is so terrified of committing a word-picture, either in the manner of Prescott or of a popular novelist, that he describes Cholula by explaining that he is not committing a word-picture. He is caught off his guard now and then, however—for example, at Quirigua: "Green aisles, and the tattered leaves of the banana trees hung, sunlit or shadowed, like old flags in the chapel of some Order of Knighthood. The aisle darkened to a narrow tunnel; we were among forest trees. Then, glaringly, the sultry white sky was above us, and there, in the wide clearing, were the great carved monoliths and, at either end of the open space, the pyramid mounds on which the temples had stood." Careless persons might disturb Mr. Huxley's digestion by calling that a word-picture; but it does not matter what kind of picture we call it, for it is, after all, a very good picture. And it is one of many, always firm,

clear, "composed" with an artist's eye for the relevant and the significant. At one small place, known to few of us even by name (Miahuatlan), we are shown all Mexico in little. "The scene, as it reveals itself to the wandering spectator, is typical—a standard Southern Mexican backcloth. At the centre of things lies the great desert of a glaring plaza, with tortoise-eyed Indian women sitting in the dust, each with her three *pimientos*, her nine bananas, her half-dozen of tomatoes, arranged in geometrical patterns on the ground before her. Above the market towers the vast church, hopelessly dilapidated and shored up against irremediable collapse by a precarious structure of poles and beams. Along streets of half-ruined houses the donkeys come and go, flapping their ears; bare feet move noiselessly through the dust, and under enormous hats, under close-drawn shawls, one catches the reptilian glitter of Indian eyes. The spectacle, I confess, always made my blood run pretty cold. Not so cold as the spectacle of an industrial town in Lancashire, say, or the Ruhr . . . ; but cold, heaven knows, enough." Mr. Huxley is under no illusions about the Back to Nature movement which, reacting from the over-civilisation of the United States, has fixed its attention romantically on the primitiveness of Mexico. And towards the end of the book, in some excellent critical pages, he exposes the fallacy of D. H. Lawrence's attempted cult of "the grand sea of the living blood" of Mexico. There have been more than enough tidal waves of that "grand sea" in Mexico. Perhaps the cause of them lies only in local "conditioning," an aspect of life with which

Maya civilisation will always remain an enigma, fascinating by its very mystery. Mr. Huxley, standing before the scattered sculptures of Copan, concludes that it is simply impossible for modern man (at all events, modern European man) to find the clue to the Maya outlook, with its extraordinary absorption in Time and Death. It is a depressing commentary on human progress that the intelligence which could achieve Maya architecture and the Maya calendar was (it would seem) so sterile in other directions. "In no part of the world has the unassisted red flesh of man performed such enormous labours as in Central America. One admires and one is rather appalled." One is appalled for a reason cited by Mr. Huxley from Humboldt; such "enormous labours" are made possible only by mass-helotage, and there is no corresponding moral advancement, because that is the fruit only of individual liberty. Contemplating European politics, Mr. Huxley suggests that we are to-day faced with the choice between "pyramids and liberty."

Not all Maya achievement was purely pyramidal. The famous calendar was not merely a feat of ingenious, but futile, abstraction; it was, in origin at least, a practical agricultural almanac. The spirit of the architecture, according to all observers, eludes all speculation. It is interesting to find that Mr. Huxley establishes an antithesis between Maya and Hindu architecture. He is doubtless aware of the theory which has recently been advanced, by a representative of the "diffusionist" school, that the art of the Maya Old Empire came from the east with the cultural "wave" which arose in India in the Gupta period (see "The Conquest of the Maya," by J. Leslie Mitchell, reviewed in these pages on March 31, 1934). Whether the theory be fully accepted or not, much of the evidence seems to be inconsistent with Mr. Huxley's conclusion that the Maya style "is all that is most un-Indian."

Politically, Mr. Huxley—for our chastening—finds in Central America "just Europe

in miniature and with the lid off"; it is therefore "the ideal laboratory in which to study the behaviour of the Great Powers." This leads to an acute analysis of the causes of war, in which, however, one important factor is omitted. Hate, as Mr. Huxley observes, is a most convenient mass-emotion for politicians, and it is sedulously cultivated by nationalism; but hate, unlike love, is generally a secondary emotion. No doubt there is such a thing as hate at first sight—one sees it among human beings, one sees it even among dogs: but hatred is generally resentment for injury inflicted, or, even more often, it is inspired by fear. Fear is the strongest human emotion, with no exception, the earliest to develop and the last to remain; it is fear that we must cast out, and, even more than death, it will be the "last enemy" to be put under our feet. How this is to be done the present writer has not the faintest conception; nor is Mr. Huxley rash enough, we are glad to observe, to suggest Fourteen Points. He views average human existence as an alternation of "routine and orgies": war is one of the most popular and powerful of orgies, and we must make it our business to substitute something less catastrophic, though Mr. Huxley frankly cannot suggest what it is to be. The strict moralist must surely reply that routine and orgies make a bad system of living, and that by merely substituting one wrong expedient for another, you have not attacked the root evil and you may not even have effected any improvement. We do not know the answer either to Mr. Huxley or to the strict moralist, but if there must be orgies (not all men have found them indispensable), we are not convinced that war is the worst in which human beings can expend their folly.

No space remains to discuss Mr. Huxley's observations, interesting though they are, on religion as practised in Central America. It is not a comforting picture for the student of man's pathetic outstretchings beyond himself.

In a tiny Mexican village, the local capitalist, who regarded the English traveller much as a successful garage-owner might regard Mr. Henry Ford, remarked to Mr. Huxley: "I can't understand why you should want to squander your capital on coming to San Pedro." The reader, sharing handsomely in the dividends, will feel that the investment was sound. C. K. A.



DETAIL OF THE APIAN WAY MODEL (ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): A ROMAN FIELD-ENGINEER RUNNING LEVELS FOR THE ROAD WITH A CHOROBATES (NO. 4 IN THE KEY-DIAGRAM).



ANOTHER DETAIL OF THE MODEL REPRESENTING SECTIONS OF THE APIAN WAY COMPLETED AND UNDER CONSTRUCTION: THREE LABOURERS HAULING A ROLLER.



PART OF THE MODEL (ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE) SHOWING THE ANCIENT ROMAN METHOD OF ROAD-MAKING IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE APIAN WAY, AND A COMPLETED SECTION IN USE IN THE BACKGROUND WITH TYPICAL TRAFFIC: A FRONT VIEW OF THE CONSTRUCTIONAL WORK, WITH CLEARER DETAIL.

Details of the various operations shown in the above photographs may be ascertained by reference to the complete photograph of the model given on the opposite page and the key-diagram underneath it. Regarding the instrument shown in the upper left-hand illustration above, an explanatory article supplied quotes Vitruvius as saying (in his treatise on architecture, Book VIII, chapter 6): "Levelling is performed either with the *dioptra*, the *libra aquaria*, or the *chorobates*. The last is the best. The *chorobates* is a rod about 20 ft. long, with two equal legs at the ends at right angles with it. Between the rod and the legs are cross-pieces fastened with tenons, whereon vertical lines are correctly marked, through which corresponding plumb-lines hang down from the rod. When the rod is set, these will coincide with the lines marked, and show that the instrument stands level."

Illustrations by Courtesy of the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Public Roads.

Mr. Huxley is much preoccupied—as, indeed, all intelligent men should be preoccupied, for until we learn something about ourselves as chemical (not "psychological") compounds in relation to other chemical compounds in our external circumstances, we shall continue to be extremely ignorant of our own organism.

It is impossible to accompany Mr. Huxley in all his musings, though there is none of them which we could not pursue with profit. Three main aspects of Central America naturally absorb a great deal of his attention—its historical remains, its political and social conditions, and its religions.

* "Beyond the Mexique Bay." By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.).

HOW THE ROMANS MADE ROADS: A MODEL OF WORK ON THE APPIAN WAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BUREAU OF
PUBLIC ROADS. (SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPHS
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

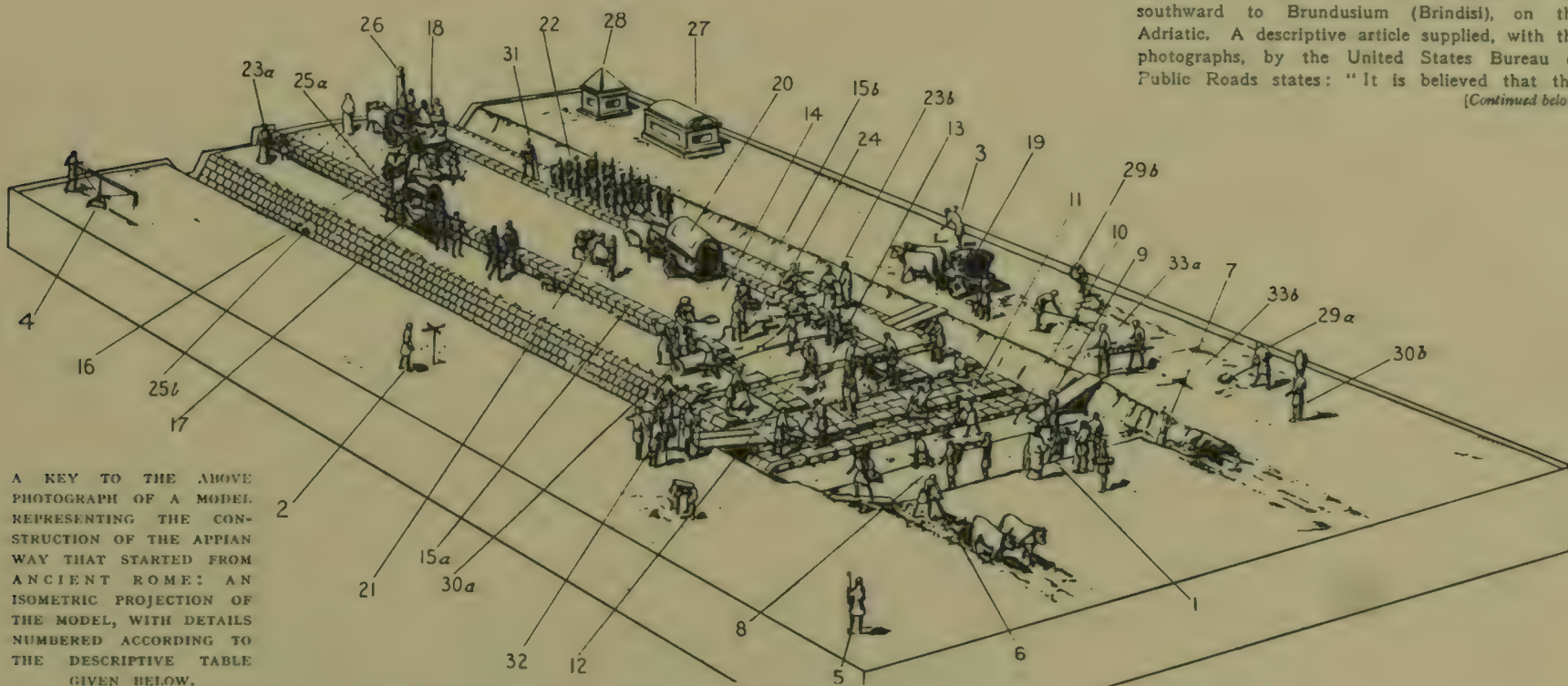
ROAD-CONSTRUCTION
BY THE ANCIENT
ROMANS, THE GREATEST
HIGHWAY-BUILDERS OF
ANTIQUITY, ILLUSTRATED IN
PLASTIC FORM: A MODEL
SHOWING THE METHOD OF
MAKING THE FAMOUS APPIAN WAY,
WITH A SECTION COMPLETED (LEFT
BACKGROUND).

HERE and on the opposite page we illustrate a model of unique interest as representing the methods of road construction used by the Romans, whose highways were famous throughout the ancient world and played a most important part, especially as a means of military communications, in enabling them to control their great empire. The model shows both a finished and an

[Continued opposite.

unfinished section of the famous Appian Way, begun by Appius Claudius Cæcus (the Blind) in 312 B.C., which was the most important of the Roman roads and the first to be paved. It led southward to Brundisium (Brindisi), on the Adriatic. A descriptive article supplied, with the photographs, by the United States Bureau of Public Roads states: "It is believed that this

[Continued below.



A KEY TO THE ABOVE
PHOTOGRAPH OF A MODEL
REPRESENTING THE CON-
STRUCTION OF THE APPIAN
WAY THAT STARTED FROM
ANCIENT ROME: AN
ISOMETRIC PROJECTION OF
THE MODEL, WITH DETAILS
NUMBERED ACCORDING TO
THE DESCRIPTIVE TABLE
GIVEN BELOW.

TABLE DESCRIBING OBJECTS INDICATED BY NUMBERS ON THE ABOVE ISOMETRIC PROJECTION.

(1) Administrator of the work, such as Appius Claudius Cæcus, looking over the construction with the engineer, who has a roll of plans under his arm, and speaking to the contractor, who is holding in his hand the working plan of the road. (2) Field engineer aligning the road with a groma. (3) Placing a stake in position as directed by the field engineer sighting through the groma. (4) Field engineer running levels for the road with a chorobates. (5) Level (chorobates) rodman. (6) Loosening the top-soil and marking the margins of the roadway with a wheel plough. (7) Excavator digging the marginal trenches to the depth of the solid foundation. (8) Excavator removing earth from the road-bed with a shovel and a combination mattock and pick. The porter carries the earth on his back in a basket up a ramp and dumps the earth where directed. (9) Workman consolidating the road-bed with a beetle or tamper. (10) Pavimentum.—A bedding of lime mortar or sand placed to equalise the irregularities in the bedding-base of the statumen stones. Workman with rake roughly spreading the pavimentum course. Close by, seated upon stools, are the mortar workers, smoothing and floating the pavimentum course with a trowel. (11) Statumen.—The first course, consisting usually of two layers of large soft stone cemented together with lime mortar or clay. No smaller stone was used than would fill a man's hand. The largest stones were carried by porters with the aid of poles. Ordinary masons and stone-cutters cut, fit, place, and cement together the stones. The thickness of this course varies from 10 inches to 2 feet. (12) Rudus.—The second course, consisting of lime concrete. First the quick-lime mortar was spread with a rake. Upon this was dumped the aggregate of broken stone, potsherds, etc. This aggregate was tamped into the mortar to form concrete, leaving a rough surface to bond with the next course. The thickness of the rudus course approximates 9 inches. (13) Nucleus.—The third course, consisting of concrete composed of gravel or coarse sand mixed with hot lime and placed in successive layers which were tamped and compacted with a roller. This concrete bonds to the irregular surface of the previous course.

[Continued.]

model represents the first attempt to group the information (i.e., about the Appian Way and the Roman road system) in model form. The model is 4 ft. wide by 8 ft. long, and is on a scale of 1 inch equals 1 foot." It is designed to show a typical condition of a roadway built on comparatively firm upland terrain. In marshy or unstable regions Roman engineers would first construct a firm foundation. On solid ground the margins of the road were marked by two parallel furrows of a wheel plough (No. 6 in key diagram above) about 40 ft. apart, and two parallel trenches were then excavated (No. 7). The foundations were consolidated with firm subsoil thoroughly tamped (No. 9). On the prepared road-bed was spread a bedding course of sand (No. 10) called the pavimentum, and into this was bedded the statumen or first course (No. 11), consisting of two

The thickness of the nucleus course is 1 foot at the side roads and 1-1/2 feet in the middle of the centre road. (14) Summa crusta or summum dorsum.—The fourth or top course, consisting of hard flint-like lava or silex laid in the shape of polygonal blocks from one to three feet in diameter and six inches thick. These blocks were bedded in the freshly laid concrete of the nucleus course, which was crowned in the central roadway about 6 inches in the 15½ English feet in between the side curbs. (15a and 15b).—Side curbs about 2 feet wide and 18 inches high. (16) Currus.—A chariot drawn by two or more horses and capable of carrying two persons. (17) Læticia.—A luxurious sedan used by wealthy persons and carried by two, four, six, or eight slaves. (18) Raeda.—A large and roomy four-wheeled carriage drawn by two or four horses. It was in general use among the Romans for town and country travel. (19) Two-wheeled plaustrum with a basket body. A rural vehicle used for carrying heavy burdens and generally drawn by oxen, which the dog was trained to guide. (20) Carpentum.—A two-wheeled covered carriage generally drawn by mules and used for family travel. (21) A pack animal carrying loaded panniers. (22) Roman infantry on the march. (23a and 23b) Pedestrians walking along side-roads. (24) Beggar soliciting small pieces of money. (25a) Inlet to a surface-water drain. (25b) Outlet for a drain to remove the surface water from the central roadway. (26) Milestone indicating the distance in thousands of paces from an important place. (27) Sarcophagus.—The tomb of a prominent Roman citizen. (28) Cenotaphium.—A monument erected in memory of a prominent Roman citizen. (29a) Workmen who shovel tamped lime mortar into a two-man hod used for carrying the lime to the work. (29b) Workman mixing green lime mortar in the pit with a long-handled hoe. (30a) Workmen with a roller. (30b) Workman carrying water, for mixing the lime, in a jar balanced upon his head. (31) Roman officer marching upon the side curbs. (32) Porters carrying stones for the statumen course by poles on their shoulders. (33a) A pit filled with green lime mortar. (33b) A pit containing tamped lime mortar.

layers of flat stones cemented with mortar. The two next courses were the rudus (No. 12) and the nucleus (No. 13), while the fourth, or top course, was called the summa crusta (No. 14). "Especially on important roads like the Appian Way [we read] the summa crusta was made of hard, durable, wear-resisting stone like silex, or flint-like lava. This stone was placed in the form of pentagons, hexagons, or irregular polygons from 1 ft. to 3 ft. in diameter and some 6 inches thick. The upper surface was dressed smooth, but the bedded underside was left rough. The joints were fitted so closely as to be scarcely discernible. Occasionally the surface was made of concrete. Sometimes blocks of schistose stone, similar to Belgian block, were laid on edge. This type of construction has been found on a section of the Fosse Way in Britain."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LACE-WING FLY: A FRIEND OF THE GARDENER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

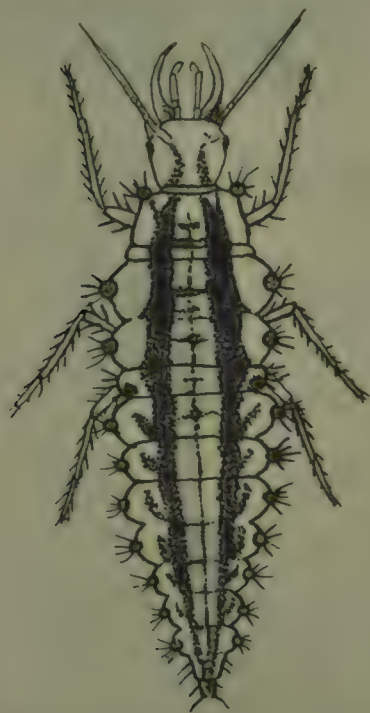
I KEPT a careful watch on my broad beans this year, nipping out the tops as soon as there was a fair show of blossom, to stave off, if possible, the raids of that pest, the black aphid, though feeling pretty sure that, in spite of my precaution, some would appear. And on a few plants they did. These, however, I did not immediately destroy, but kept under careful observation in the hope that I should find at least one or two specimens of the lace-wing fly or its larva there, which I very much wanted. And I kept a no less careful watch on that equally pestiferous species known as the green-fly. Nevertheless, I failed. But good fortune did not altogether desert me, for my neighbour's gardener, knowing I wanted them, brought me two lace-wings, caught during one of those gloriously hot days of July.

I wanted to secure these, if possible, because the lace-wing fly, of which we have several species, is

Fig. 3, they are borne at the end of a long and very slender stalk, having a strange origin. The female, when about to deposit an egg, presses the tip of her abdomen against the stem of the plant on which she is resting, and then exudes a drop of viscid liquid, at the same time raising the tip upwards. In doing this a long thread, which might be likened to "fish glue," is drawn out, till the upward thrust of the tail can no further go. At this moment the egg is extruded, by which time, be it noted, the thread has hardened, so that the egg forms a large terminal knob. So slender is the stalk, indeed, that in looking at a cluster they seem to be floating in mid-air, the stalks being almost invisible. The more intently one regards this most singular mode of egg-laying, the more astonishing it becomes. But there are some species which have not attained to this skill in the creation of wizard's wands, for their eggs are laid in clusters on a common stalk. So far as I know, there is only one other insect—*Spermophorella*—which produces stalked eggs. But this belongs to a distinct family (*Berothidae*), though related to the green lace-wings.

The larval stages of the lace-wings are as interesting in their way as the adults. Their appetites are insatiable, and fortunate is the gardener who has a score or two in his service. For they feed on aphides, and when they have cleared one plant will speedily cast about for another. The luscious bodies of their victims are sucked dry and left as empty skins. There are two or three species which attach these skins to their own bodies, holding them in place by means of the hooked hairs which cover the back. Captive specimens, stripped of this strange covering and supplied with tiny fragments of paper, seized these in their jaws and, bending the head round, fastened them to the hooks! When they enter the pupal or resting stage, the old larval coat, with its trimmings, is retained as a cover, affording a most useful camouflage. In one species (*Chrysopa pallida*), found on the spruce-fir, the eggs were hatched in twelve days, and the young, on emergence, went into hiding and took

no food till the following spring. Long fasts of this kind are of common occurrence among insect larvæ. This spruce-fir larva stands out from among its fellows in having the first three segments of the body produced,



2. THE LARVA OF THE GREEN LACE-WING: A RAVENOUS DEVOURER OF APHIDES. IN SOME SPECIES THE LARVA WILL ATTACH THE SKINS OF ITS VICTIMS TO THE HOOKED HAIRS WHICH COVER THE BODY, THUS FORMING AN EFFECTIVE DISGUISE. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)

not only a very beautiful but a most useful insect. No garden should be without them—only, unfortunately, they are not to be had unless they come of their own free will! Yet, curiously enough, I find few gardeners who even know them by sight, though they are among his most desirable allies, since both adults and young feed greedily on aphides of every description.

The adult fly, measuring about 1½ in. across the expanded wings, is, as I have said, very beautiful, being of a delicate apple-green colour with large, gauze-like wings glistening with a metallic lustre of green and purple, while the eyes shine like beads of burnished gold. Hence they are sometimes called "golden eyes." A less pleasing name is "stink-fly," for some species, at least, emit an evil-smelling fluid when handled. No doubt this odour accompanies them as they fly, and hence serves to effect their safe conduct if, for a moment, pursued by birds. They need this protection, since they fly but slowly, and during the day as well as after dark during the late summer. These night wanderers occasionally enter our rooms through the open window, attracted, like moths, by the light.

One can conceive something of the frailty of their beautiful bodies from the adjoining photograph, though their full splendour is lost from the lack of colour. The delicate tracery of the outspread wings cannot be fully seen without the aid of a magnifying-glass. But, apart from its beauty, it serves as the "hall-mark" of its tribe. For thereby it is distinguished, among other set features, from a number of other insects related by ties of blood, but of different aspect. The egg of the lace-wing is one of the most remarkable among insect eggs. For, as will be seen in



1. A BEAUTIFUL INSECT AND ONE OF THE GARDENER'S BEST FRIENDS: THE GREEN LACE-WING FLY (*CHRYSOPA VULGARIS*), WHICH FEEDS RAVENOUSLY ON APHIDES, COMMONLY CALLED GREEN-FLIES. (MUCH ENLARGED.)

This insect is of great beauty, the eyes shining like burnished gold and the wings with iridescent purple hues between the delicate tracery of the nervures which form the supporting framework of the wings. Though seldom seen, it is yet most useful to gardeners, since it feeds on aphides, both in the adult and larval stages.

on each side, into a broad flange, each bearing a pair of long spikes. What part they play in the life-history of the creature is unknown. These flanges recall similar structures in the larvæ of *Hemerobius*; but here, what answer to the flanges take the form of cylindrical outgrowths surmounted by a tuft of hairs. They are seen, in a less exaggerated form, in the larvæ of the green lace-wing (Fig. 2). But here they run down the whole length of the body. There is one other peculiar feature of these larvæ, and this is found in the strange trumpet-shaped projection at the extremity of each foot, between the claws. This is the "empodium," but its function is so far unknown. It answers to the "pulvillus" found in the same position in many other insects, where it is used in climbing. By its aid the fly walks on the ceiling or runs nimbly up the window-pane. It is only when highly magnified, however, that this "empodium," or the "pulvilli," can be seen.

Hemerobius, to which I have just referred, is one of the "brown lace-wings," of which some twenty species are to be found in Great Britain. In their habits and choice of food they resemble the green lace-wings, but lack their splendour. They are to be regarded as more primitive types, not merely in their less gorgeous appearance, but in structural characters. Moreover, they serve to link up a number of other evidently related types, presenting problems of affinity which still baffle entomologists. It is not, however, so much with these problems that I am concerned as with their life histories, especially of the larvæ, which present strange contrasts. This is especially true of the "Psychopsids"—rare insects with a wide geographical distribution, since they range from South Africa to Tibet, China and Burma, and on to Australia. Another, which some of my readers may have the good fortune to find during what is left to us of this summer, is *Osmylus chrysopa*. It should not be hard to recognise, since it is the largest of all our "Neuroptera."



3. THE EGGS OF THE LACE-WING FLY: THESE ARE ATTACHED TO TWIGGS BY LONG AND EXTREMELY SLENDER THREADS, OR STALKS, BUT IN SOME NEARLY RELATED SPECIES THESE STALKS ARE CROWDED TOGETHER TO FORM A SINGLE COLUMN.

The thin stalks on which the eggs are mounted are formed by a viscous substance which dries very rapidly. The stalks are said to protect the eggs against the cannibalistic appetites of the first-hatched larvæ! This suggestion, however, needs confirmation.

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

E. S. AND ISRAHEL VAN MECKENEM: TWO EARLY GERMAN ENGRAVERS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

her body is covered with fur) is typical of the artist's usual formula: rather wooden, lugubrious face and long, bony fingers: give her more clothes and she would be one of his Madonnas, with neither more nor less expression. The birds and beasts are those of dozens of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century manuscripts and tapestries, even to the cocker spaniel beneath the lady's feet—very well observed this, for this is just how young dogs make a dash for a piece of stuff.

Here, then, is the master in a jovial humour—what of the pupil? The answer is Fig. 1. The hares

in the space available, which is neither more nor less than a contemporary record of German life, and as such, a priceless historic document, quite apart from its purely pictorial qualities. As there is no room here for this, perhaps Fig. 2 is a good enough example of Meckenem's style in a manner rather more normal than that of the little satiric print of the hares and the hunter. The scrolls are the last vestige of the charming tricks of the mediæval illuminator which the engraver had not always the heart to jettison. The subject is secular and trivial, the line free and firm, the inspiration popular and humane. Meckenem could turn out Madonnas to any extent, whether his own or stolen from other and better men, but one feels that he was more at home in these easy and graceful little representations of contemporary life and manners. His personality comes out fairly clearly in his prints (there are 570 of them), and in his not very desirable alterations of other men's signatures; he also left a portrait of himself and his wife, showing a shrewd,

1. THE JOVIAL HUMOUR OF ISRAHEL VAN MECKENEM, A PUPIL OF "E. S.": AN ENGRAVING OF THE HUNTER AND HIS DOGS CAUGHT BY THE HARES, AND SERVED TIT-FOR-TAT.

this suggestion, which was based solely upon the fact that the younger (and lesser) artist took over the stock of plates of E. S. at the latter's death in 1468. The truth is that Meckenem was the pupil, not the son, of E. S., and worked upon and altered the plates of other engravers, in addition to doing a great deal of original work of his own. There was no such thing as conscious plagiarism in any intellectual activity as early as the fifteenth century, but it must be admitted that Meckenem was particularly unscrupulous in this respect, even going to the cynical length of altering an indulgence from 20,000 years to 45,000: one can argue, of course, that he merely wished to give clients better value for their money—on the other hand, the 45,000 years' indulgence would surely be worth more and be sold for more than a mere 20,000. But this is a small matter in comparison with his trick of putting other men's signatures upon his own work, or, still worse, of adding the world-famous initials of Martin Schongauer to the plates of E. S. Nevertheless, this astute business man is a genuinely considerable artist in his own right, as it were, and at this distance of time we can laugh at his rascality and admire his own firm, original handling of the burin. He bowled leg-theory when it suited him, but only a few of his contemporaries had a sounder knowledge of the laws of orthodox cricket.

Almost the only thing we know about E. S. is that he came from the neighbourhood of Lake Constance; that, like his pupil and many other artists, he was a goldsmith first and an engraver afterwards; and that he was remarkable for a richness of invention which is combined with a very definite formalism: his prints have a rigid, static character which gives them extraordinary charm in modern eyes. He entirely lacks the poetic feeling of Schongauer, from whom Dürer learnt so much at Colmar, in Alsace. Indeed, one can claim him as the last considerable engraver who was an out-and-out mediævalist: numerous later people could be extremely funny, Holbein not excepted, but not one could be so extravagantly inventive—a statement which is, I think, sufficiently proved by the delightful Gothic M of Fig. 3. This is the spirit we find running riot sometimes beneath the seats of choir-stalls in English cathedrals, and, in stone-work, beneath certain capitals, and also in such an illuminated manuscript as the Bedford Hours. Europeans, it seems to me, have long lost the trick of enjoying themselves in this childish and engaging manner: many of us can write nonsense, but I am able to think of no one who can design it with such agreeable naivety. The wild woman in the centre (you know she's wild because

have caught the hunter and his dogs; they have put the hunter on a spit and are roasting him on a fire, and two of them are turning the spit. Four cauldrons are ready for his dogs. Two are already occupied—the other two await the victims who are being brought along, one from each side. One hare is blowing the fire with a pair of bellows and one is putting his paw into a box, presumably to take out a handful of seasoning. The story is lively, the design at once formal and naturalistic, reminding one very much, partly by the use of foliage ornament, of a great deal of later and quite serious work. In short, this rascal Israhel is by no means the mere imitator of other men's ideas one might expect: indeed, I rather think that the specialists, duly and properly shocked by his goings on, have given him less credit than he deserves—and, after all, what he did was not very dreadful by the standards of his time. In one of his prints, too big and detailed to reproduce here, he surpasses even himself. This is "The Dance at the Court of Herod," which is quite definitely a picture, and not a design suitable for goldsmith's work. In one corner, in the background, is the execution scene, with Salome holding out the charger to receive the head of St. John from the executioner; in the other corner she is presenting the head to Herod; but these two scenes are quite minor episodes in the design. The whole of the foreground is filled by a fashionable gathering of men and women, admirably organised



2. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF ISRAHEL VAN MECKENEM'S STYLE: A JUGGLER AND A LADY, THE SCROLLS AT THE TOP BEING A LAST VESTIGE OF THE TRICKS OF THE MEDIÆVAL ILLUMINATORS, TO WHOSE ART THIS ENGRAVER WAS OFTEN INDEBTED.



3. "THE LAST CONSIDERABLE ENGRAVER WHO WAS AN OUT-AND-OUT MEDIÆVALIST": THE GERMAN MASTER "E. S." LAVISHES HIS FANCY ON A GOTHIC M, PUTTING IN A "WILD WOMAN" AS THE CENTRE UPRIGHT.

Israhel van Meckenem, the engraver, whose work is seen in Figs. 1 and 2, was the pupil of "E. S." and, moreover, did not scruple to re-utilise his master's plates after the death of the latter in 1468. "E. S." is known to have come from the neighbourhood of Lake Constance and to have been a goldsmith rather than an engraver. The engravings reproduced on this page figured in an auction at Messrs. Boerners, of Leipzig, in 1933.

coarse, good-humoured, and no very pleasant face—the lady seems much better bred than her husband. They lived at Bocholt, where Meckenem's father, who had the same Christian name, was also a goldsmith and engraver. The reader who cares to pursue the careers of father and son in detail will find all the relevant facts in three books by Dr. Max Geisburg, the first (1903) on "The Master of the Berlin Passion," the second (1905) in the catalogue of the Meckenem engravings, and the third (1924) in the second edition of a book on E. S. All an article like this can do is to give some indication of the quality of both E. S. and Meckenem, and to issue a warning that a proper study of their work demands a fairly close attention to the details of the art history of their times—it is impossible to obtain the fullest enjoyment of their prints without some sort of acquaintance with the achievement of Schongauer and Dürer, certainly, and also a few of the earlier anonymous masters.



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The Toast Master and Hospitality Tray.

The Toast Master seen in conjunction with the Hospitality Tray has in the first instance to be adjusted by pressing a stud for light or dark toast. When the bread is the shade required, it is automatically discarded, and is ready for the crust-cutter on the left of the tray. On the right are six hors-d'œuvre dishes. Naturally they may be used for other things. Water regulates the work of the egg-boiler: a teaspoonful is needed for each minute that the eggs are cooking. For instance, three teaspoonfuls must be used when the eggs are to be boiled three minutes. When they are cooked, the current is automatically cut off and a bell rings. The cost of this useful accessory for four eggs is 39s. 6d. The sandwich toaster and waffle cooker is particularly ingenious. There is an expansion hinge which allows sandwiches of various thicknesses to be toasted, the grid being smooth; there is, however, a waffle grid, and by its aid this delicious sweet may be cooked in a few minutes. The curling tongs, also heated by electricity, need no description, nor the electric clock and lamp on the right.

The Kitchen Etta.

The electric kitchen Etta is one of those things electric that are needed in every home, and will doubtless prove a powerful incentive to those in distant lands to install a generating plant. To put the matter in a nutshell, it is an all-purpose kitchen appliance—*viz.*, a beater, food-chopper, knife sharpener, tin opener, juice extractor, drink mixer, coffee grinder, and ice crusher. It is easy to operate, simple to adjust, and in ten seconds can be made ready for any of its functions. The cost is £6 19s. 6d. Attention must be drawn to a fruit-juice extractor which has been made especially for and to the specifications of the California Orange Growers' Association. All that it is necessary to do is to halve the fruit and press it gently down over the reamer, and the juice flows into the glass. It may be used for grape fruit, lemons, and other fruits.

Morning Tea.

Morning tea is a luxury which, ever appreciated, is nevertheless rather troublesome where few servants are kept. Not new but useful is the morning tea set which is worked by electricity. It consists of an alarm clock to be set over-night: its movements persuade the lamp beneath the kettle to perform its function of boiling the water. When this is accomplished, the water is automatically transferred to the teapot, the darkness is pierced by an electric light, and the alarm clock informs the sleepers that the tea is ready.

On the Table.

It is well-nigh impossible to realise that there are 20,000 table cookers in use, the cost of which is 27s. 6d. Among their manifold advantages is that they cook on the plate—fish, meat, or fruit. Five minutes must be allowed for bacon and about twelve for two chops. The radiator cover is placed over the plate and can be used from any lighting or heating point. Furthermore, it will boil a kettle or make toast. There are a host of possibilities to explore in electrical household aids at Harrods. There are washing-up machines, cookers of all kinds, as well as refrigerators, vacuum and other cleaners, and decorative fires and lamps.



"Off the beaten track," where, with the exception of aeroplanes, visitors are few and far between, residents generate their own electricity with "plant" sent out from England. Therefore, electric labour-saving devices are of great interest to them. Those pictured on this page have been chosen with due consideration for the needs of those abroad as well as for those at home. They are simple, practical, and, in many instances, guaranteed fool-proof. They include the kitchen Etta, with attachments which click on and fasten instantly; an electric clock and lamp; a toast master and hospitality tray; a sandwich toaster and waffle cooker; and last, but by no means the least important, an egg-boiler which rings a bell when the eggs are ready. They may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, accompanied with a variety of other useful aids.





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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

LORD NUFFIELD announced the new Morris programme for the 1935 season on Aug. 31 for publication on Sept. 1, thus keeping to his usual method of making that latter date the commence-



"SUB-TROPICAL ENGLAND": A VAUXHALL "LIGHT SIX" IN A RIVIERA-LIKE SETTING AT ST. MAWES, CORNWALL.

ment of his new motor year. The new range of Morris cars covers a wide field of users, as it includes a new 8 h.p. which replaces the Morris "Minor," a slightly larger car than the older model; a 10-h.p. four-cylinder, a six-cylinder 12 h.p. which is styled the "Ten-Six," the 12-h.p. four-cylinder called the "Twelve-Four," formerly our old friend the Morris-Cowley; the 13-h.p. six-cylinder; the "Oxford" 16 h.p. and 20 h.p., a chassis with a choice of either of these rated engines; the "Isis" 18 h.p. and the 25 h.p. models. These

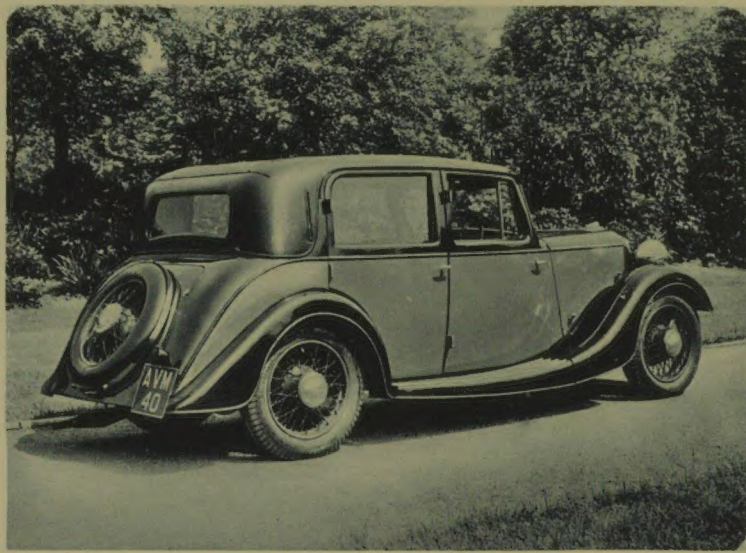
give a choice of no fewer than thirty different types of cars between these varying ratings, from two-seaters to stately limousines carrying seven persons comfortably. All models have easy-changing synchromesh gear-boxes, while the Oxford "Sixes" have a Bendix automatic-controlled clutch as well as a free-wheel. Lockheed hydraulic brakes, Bishop cam-type steering, hydraulic shock-absorbers, Triplex safety glass, and Dunlop tyres are standardised on all models.

As for prices, the new Morris "Eight" saloon costs £120, and the two-seater tourer £118. All "Eights" carry much-improved coachwork, so that the saloons have plenty of room for four grown-up persons. The "Ten-Fours," with five choices in styles of coachwork, range from £165 for the two-seater to the special coupé at £200. For those motorists who prefer a small-rated six-cylinder, there are the 12-h.p. "Ten-Sixes," with general characteristics of the "Ten-Four," from £180 for the two-seater to £230 for the Special Sports tourer. This latter car, by the way, is capable of travelling at 70 m.p.h., and has an individually tuned engine to give fast yet comfortable touring speeds. The 15-h.p. six-cylinder, a larger saloon, costs £215, while the "Oxford" saloons, with either a 16-h.p. or 20-h.p.-rated engine, cost £285; and the Special coupé £305. Both of these latter two are really quite large carriages of very prepossessing appearance. Then there is the higher rated "Isis" saloon of 18 h.p. listed at £370, and the 25-h.p. saloon at £395. On all models except the Morris "Eight," a special air-cleaner and pre-heater of the gas mixture is fitted to give greater economy in running.

I should not be surprised to learn that 40,000 of the new Morris "Eights" will be sold during the next twelve months, as the Morris organisation has given the public a wonderful small car with a big car

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In connection with the inauguration of the 1935 programmes of Humber and Hillman cars, a most interesting and comprehensive display, including a range of Commer commercial vehicles, will be held at Devonshire House from Thursday, Sept. 13, until Saturday, Sept. 15. This display will afford a unique opportunity of seeing the many detail improvements and refinements which have been incorporated in the new models. There will be much that will interest present and prospective motorists.



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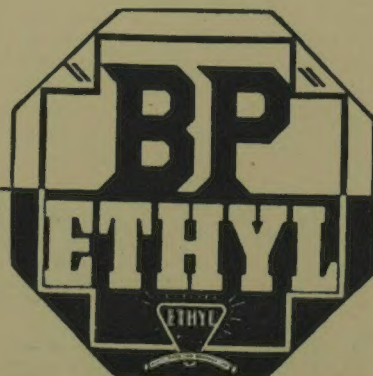
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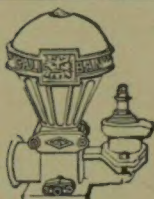
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